TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. XLIX. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1881. NO. 38

NASBY IN EXILE.

The Confederate X Roads Saga in Europe.

*Copyright, 1881, by D. R. Locke.

NO. XIV.

THE PARISIAN GAMIN.

PARIS, Sept. 3, 1881.

Paris has one institution possessed by no other City in the world, the genuine street Arab. London has, heaven knows, enough homeless waifs, born the Lord only knows where, and brought up the Lord only knows how; but the London article is no more like the Parisian than chalk is like cheese. The New York street boy comes nearer it—New York is more like Paris than any other City—but even the New York Arab is not to be compared with the Parisian. He stands alone, a miracle of impudence, good nature, self-possession and resource.

Where he was born he never knows and never cares. He don't carry his pedigree in his pocket, not simply because he has no pocket, but because he don't care a straw about it. It doesn't concern him. He would not give a sou to be the son of the late Emperor. Birth and blood concern him very little. What his mind is running on, chiefly, is where and how to get a crust of black bread, a draught of very cheap wine, and a dry, warm place to sleep.

His mother was, and is, a seamstress, or a house servant, or woman of all work, or a shop girl. His father—well, it is doubtful if the mother could give any very definite information on that subject. She may have been a true daughter of Paris, or she may have come from the delicious valleys of Normandy or Brittany, or the mountains of Switzerland, with her heavy shoes, her quaint bodice, and her long, braided hair in coils hanging down her shapely back. She got work, she wrought in a clothing warehouse, or she went behind a counter; then came the ball s in the Latin quarter, (it is a part of the nature of the girls of this country to love lights and glitter and dancing and the like)—then appeared the student with his half polished brigandage, and then began the life of a grisette. They lived together, till the student was called home, and he went back to his native country to marry and settle down into respectable citizenship, forgetting entirely the poor little girl he left behind, and the wee baby she had borne him.

But whoever his father might have been he never saw him that he remembers, and he has a very indistinct idea of what a father is.

The uncertainty of fatherhood in Paris is illustrated by the grisette who was walking with her little boy. A funeral procession was passing:

"Who is it that is dead?" asked the boy of his mother.

"I do not know, but take off your hat, my child. It may be your father!"

It was not unlikely. I don't think this ever happened, however, for in France, every one removes his hat while a funeral passes. They are polite to the dead as to the living. Beside this, the boy had no hat to remove.

HIS MOTHER.

He knows his mother, however, very well. He remembers a pale, worn woman, who always gave him the largest half of the scant bread, and assuaged her hunger by seeing him eat, and who managed somehow to keep the rags that hung about him clean, and had hidden somewhere, a neat and tidy suit of clothes which were worn only on fête days, and when they went to church. No matter about the father, since every boy knows who his mother is, and he knows likewise that whatever may happen to her, he is sure of all she can possibly do for him, even to the last, the supreme sacrifice.

They lived together in a garret, somewhere, or a cellar. With these people it is always one extreme or another,—they never have the middle of anything.

Somehow she managed to make the little den they existed in rather pleasant, and he had a tolerably happy life. Only the mother was compelled to leave him very much alone, for there was the black bread to earn, and no matter how miserable their apartment, there was some thing to pay for rent. He was left always with a score of others just like him, with an old woman who had once gone through the same experience, and who, unable now to do other work, earned her few sous a day caring for children that were shout a father, and whose mothers were skirmishing on the outside borders of existence for enough to keep body and soul together.

This was all very well till the little legs were strong enough to walk, and the old woman could no longer control him. Armed with the preternatural sharpness that always accompanies poverty, he took to the streets, and, in the old times when begging was permitted, he was a beggar. Now he is anything. He scorns regular work, he is a hawk, who picks up his living here, there and everywhere. He may be on the boulevards, and a handkerchief may be dropped; the apple-women, sharp as they are, find in him a most competent brigand. There are cigar stumps to be picked up and they are worth something an ounce to be worked over into smoking tobacco. Everywhere in the great City there are unconsidered trifles, but an unconsidered trifle is everything to a boy who has no use for clothing, and to whom a crust of bread is enough for a day.

STARTING OUT IN LIFE.

Finally, at the mature age of eight, or thereabouts he leaves mother, or, rather, some night he does not come home. He has found a dry place under an arch to sleep, or a hole in the docks, and he has associated with him other boys of the same breed; now he is an independent citizen.

His mother knows the way of the world, and she goes right on, sure that her child is living, and, in his way, well.

He occasionally goes to see her, till she moves some time suddenly, and is lost to him in the great desert.

He probably never sees her again. If she gets on well and keeps her health she dies finally in a hospital—if not, a plunge in the Seine ends her struggles with a very hard world. Not unfrequently he last look at her is taken in the morgue.

While he is a boy he leads a very independent and happy life. He toils not neither does he spin: he does not dine at the Maison Doree; nor does he drink champagne or burgundy. He drinks wine when he can get it, and water from the public fountain, when he cannot. He eats black bread when he has a sou to buy it with; lacking the sou there are always opportunities to steal an apple, and failing in that there are apple cores to be picked up on the streets.

As for clothing, very little does him; very little, but where he obtains that little I have never been able to ascertain. He gets it, though, somehow, each article in the suit coming from a different source, and all just strong enough to hold together. A picturesque vagabond it makes of him.

His conversation is something wonderful. There isn't a slang phrase in French that he has not, and as the mothers are of all nations, he has made piratical excursions into other languages, and has the worst of them all. He can swear very well in English, not the unctuous, brutal oaths of the American or Englishman, for even a Parisian gamin has taste, but English oaths lose none of their strength in him. He ornaments them, but not to the degree of weakening.

No Frenchman would ever think of chaffing a gamin twice, for he knows by bitter experience that the gamin always gets the best of it, and the first and last time he tried it he retired with every body laughing but himself and the boy. He did not laugh, because the boy had routed him, horse, foot and dragoon—the boy did not, because to have laughed would have been undignified, and lessened the effect of his wordy victory. He professed to sympathize with his victim, which was adding insult to injury.

In this matter of talk the very cabmen are afraid of him, and the policemen dread him. It is his delight to catch a policeman or a soldier in a position where he cannot move, and to cover him with not exactly abuse, but what the English call chaff. He makes the poor fellow ridiculous, he sets a crowd laughing at him, and does it in perfect safety, too, for the official cannot leave his post to capture and punish him, and if he could it would do no good. The urchin is as slippery as an eel, and as fleet as an antelope. He could slip through the crowd and be a safe distance long before the encumbered man had made up his mind to go for him.

AS A REVOLUTIONIST.

These boys make up no small portion of every mob that has devastated Paris for centuries, and popular risings are altogether too common for comfort in that excitable City. In all the revolutions three little fellows have handled muskets and pikes and made use of them. The gamin was foremost in the mob that leveled the Bastile to the ground, and when that monument of irresponsible tyranny was in ruins the dead bodies of hundreds of them were found underneath them, and the living bodies of hundreds of others waved their crownless hats over the smoking debris. There never has been a barricade erected that had not gamins behind it, boys of 14, fighting as coolly and steadily as grizzled veterans of 60.

They knew not what they were fighting for, nor cared. They only felt it was the people against the recognized authorities, and that was enough. The Parisian gamin hates the authorities, for his chief idea is that the name means a prison, police, and everything else that a brigand in a small way don't like. He loves commotion, for commotion signifies excitement, and excitement is as necessary to him as bread itself. He will stand behind a barricade and load and fire as long as the oldest man, and firing with a musket he is as good as a giant.

There are theaters which he patronizes regularly, for next to a revolution he loves the theater. Where he procures the money for admission, small as it is, heaven only knows, but he gets it somehow, for he is there nearly every night. If he cannot get in at the beginning, he hangs about the entrances, waiting for some good-natured man who does not care to see the performance out, to give him his check, or he wheedles a good natured doorman in to letting him pass. And once in, there is no adult in the audience who is so critical an auditor. He knows all about the drama, all about the music, and all about everything connected with it. He applauds at the right place, and if there be the slightest fault of omission or commission in the representation, his hiss is the first and the most distinct and deadly.

The Parisian actor dreads the gamins almost as much as he does the newspaper critics. They have made and unmade many an aspirant for public favor.

I gave a sou to one for the privilege of a minute's conversation. (I had a friend to translate—a street boy would not understand my French.)

"Where were you born?"

There was a comprehensive wave of the hand which took in all Paris. He might have been born all over the vast City.

"How do you live?"

There was an expressive shrug of the shoulders that meant anything you chose.

"What are you intending to do when you are older?"

Another expressive shrug, as if to say "Who knows?" (These French boys can talk more with their arms and shoulders than other people can with their tongues.)

But when he saw the sou in hand he had expression enough all over him for a dozen boys. He took it with the invariable "Merci, Monsieur," and darting away in a minute re appeared with a loaf of black bread and was willing to be as communicative as you desired.

UNIFORMITY OF APPEARANCE.

All that could be gathered from him was that his mother was a washerwoman, his father the Lord only knew, and he had been living on the streets as long as he could remember anything. That was all. That was his beginning—his end was in the hands of fate. Possibly one thing or another, he had bread enough to last him 24 hours, and he was more happy than many a man in a palace.

They are ubiquitous, and all alike. Their being all alike is what makes them ubiquitous. You see him on the boulevards, you dive down from those dizzy heights of splendor, from the broad glare of that magnificence, to the poverty-stricken twilight of the Latin quarter or the Cimmerian gloom of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and you see him.

Just the same. He wears the same reminiscence of a hat, the same remnants of trowsers, the same shirt with holes torn in it in the same places, the flag of distress floats from the same quarter, if indeed the shirt is long enough to boast a lower end, and the bare feet in the Summer, and the dilapidated shoes in the Winter are the same. It is not the same boy, but it is the boy cast in the same mold, with all the others, subject to the same conditions, and consequently exactly like as peas.

Nature makes men in molds. Noblemen's sons have something in their make up besides their clothes, and so have the children of poverty. A pallet in a garret, or, more usually, the bare floor, a crust, or the core of an apple at rare and uncertain intervals, are as certain to produce one typical face and a typical body, as luxurious beds and rich food do another.

The Parisian gamins are alike wherever you see them, for they all come from one stock, and are all brought up in one way. So nearly are they alike that the old saying might well be reversed. Instead of its being "It's a wise child that knows its own father," it should read "It's a wise mother that knows her own child." With these waifs, a child's knowing, or even guessing, at its own father would be an idea utterly chimerical.

Yet they are good-natured, and even kind to each other. There are girl vagabonds and girl waifs as well as boy waifs. The boys are wonderfully good to the little homeless girls who are too Arab-like to go to the retreats provided for them by the Government. If the boy has a warm place under a bridge or over a lime kiln, he gives it up to the wandering female rat, with as much chivalry as any grand Seigneur could display, and he shares with her the result of his predatory excursions, even going a trifle more hungry himself that she may not entirely starve. They are always hungry—it is only a question of how hungry they may be.

WHAT BECOMES OF THEM?

What becomes of them? I don't know. Sometimes they get into other ways and grow into respectable citizens. Occasionally one of them is sufficiently tamed to learn a trade, if some citizen picks him up and cares for him, and now and then a street boy or girl drifts, by accident, into a profession and becomes eminent. The great French actress, Rachel, was a street girl, whose only fortune was her guitar, and whose living was made by singing in front of cafés. By hook or crook she got upon the stage, and once there her genius made her way for her. The Frenchman cares nothing for birth or position in the matter of genius. He wants good singing and good acting, and he cares not if the singer or actor came from the gutter or the palace. If from the gutter the genius which delights him removes the stain, and he does it even greater honor than as though it had been pushed by more favorable circumstances.

Rachel not only made a world wide fame, but she raised her family, all of whom were as poor and low down as herself, to the very hights of French grandeur. One of the Felix girls—that is their name—is now the wealthy and prosperous manufacturer of a face powder, which is the delight of the upper classes. With the shrewdness of the Israelite she did not go into grocories or such trifles. She knew the French people too well. She invented a face powder and hair restorative, and waxed rich. She will marry her daughters to noblemen, and possibly Kings may spring from a line that once was delighted with a sou thrown into the gutter for them to scramble for.

One of the great chocolate manufacturers, whose name is known wherever there is civilization, who counts his residences by the dozen, and his wealth by millions, was a gamin till he was 18.

Some of them, like Rachel, from their intense love of the drama, get to be actors, when they are old enough. Some of them become rag-pickers, or work into other employments of a semi vagabondizing nature; some of them become thieves, and take in all the range of crime from picking a pocket to committing murder, and numbers of them go into the army and navy.

But these instances are comparatively rare. The gamin grows, as a rule, into a vagabond, the vagabond into a criminal, and the criminal either ends at the guillotine or in the prison hospital. A lucky chance may graft something better on them, or a revolution may afford them opportunities for distinction in a military way, but these so promoted are exceptions. The rule is quite the other way.

In New York these human rats sell newspapers, clean boots, and do things of that nature, nominally. The genuine Parisian gamin might do this, for there are papers cried and sold on the street, though the most of this trade is transacted in picturesque little buildings called "Kiosques." But he will have none of it. Should he labor or do anything approaching labor, he would lose caste with his fellows, and become to them a social pariah.

One important specimen of the kind, nine years old, and weighing perhaps, 50 pounds saw a former member of the fraternity, who had seceded, passing with packages to deliver, neatly dressed, and with a genteel air of being well cared for, and comfortably fed and housed.

The ragamuffin looked upon him with an expression of contempt that was never equaled off the stage, and he called the attention of a score of his ragged comrades to the seceder:—

"Look at him! just look at him! He has got to be a baker's boy! Poor devil! Poor devil! He has clothes, he has a cap on his head, and shoes on his feet. He sits at a table with the maid, and eats three times a day, and has a bed to sleep in! He will never more be one of us! He is ruined! Poor devil! Why can't everybody have spirit? Bah! a bed to sleep in, and regular meals!"

And the mob of ragamuffins jeered and hooted at him as he passed, and the boy himself looked as though he had been a traitor to his class, and as if he had half a mind to distribute the bread he was carrying and return to his former fellows.

The young bundle of rags felt all that he said. To him this desertion from a life of vagabondage was a betrayal, as it were, and he felt, actually, a supreme pity for the gamin who could be anything else for so small a consideration as a comfortable life. To him the liberty of the streets was better than any house that required regularity. He would not have dined at the Grand Hotel if to do it required his coming at regular hours.

And after venting his opinion he went out in search of something to eat. If he found that something he was hasty—if not it was a shrug of the shoulders and to sleep an hour or two sooner. They have a trick of making a dinner upon an hour or two of sleep, and an enjoyable breakfast by not waking up till dinner time. It is an economical way of living, but not conducive to increase of flesh. How long they can stand it has never been determined, for, not regarding the interests of science, they always manage to find a crust, or a bone, or something, just as the experiment is getting to be interesting. None of them have ever been willing to die in the interest of science. They are largely devoted to themselves.

NEW YORK AND PARIS GAMINS.

The gamin of Paris is deserving of more credit than the gamin of New York, for he has nothing especially cheerful before him. When he ceases to be a vagabond boy he becomes a vagabond man, except in the rare cases I have mentioned, and ends his career, as vagabond often do, the world over.

In New York the ending is quite different—indeed the vagabond boy has better opportunities than the good boy. For in New York he loafs about gin mills, and he has the advantages of free lunches, an institution unknown in Paris, and the good old ladies get up excursions for him, and give him sandwiches and ice cream, [illegible] types of reaching his better nature through the medium of his stomach, they firmly believing there is a better nature, and as it has never been seen it must be in the stomach. In time he grows up and gets so far along as to have that blessed boon of the ballot, and becomes useful to the politicians, who transfer him from the front of the bar to the back of it, and has a gin mill of his own, and controls votes, and "hez infloocence in my warrud."

When his "infloocence" is sufficient, he boldly demands office for himself and becomes a School Commissioner, or an Alderman, and finally goes to the Legislature and waxes enormously rich, and his wife—for this sort of a fellow marries when he gets off the streets and has a gin mill of his own—wears diamonds and has a carriage.

It was Teddy McShane, and Mickey O Finnegan, two of this class, who got into the Board of Aldermen of New York. Alderman McShane had heard of gondolas and wanted a few in the little lakes in the Park, for of course, had his motion prevailed, he would have got his commission from the builder thereof. And so he spoke:

"Misther Prisidint—We cannot be too liberal in ornamintin our parruks. A parruk is for the paple, and they should be ornamintid. To this ind, I move ye scrr, that twinty gondolas be purchast for the lakes in Cintril Parruk, towanst."

Alderman McFinnegan who saw a job in this, decided to oppose it till McShane should come to him and propose a divide. And so he said:

"Misther Prisidin'—No man in New Yorrick will go further in ornamintin the City than mesilf, but the paple's money must not be squandered. Why buy twinty gondolas, to wanst? Why not buy two—a male and a faymale, and breed thim ourselves?"

A TRUE ISHMAELITE.

The Parisian gamin can do nothing of this kind—indeed it is impossible in Paris, and he would not want to do it if it were possible. He does not care for money, he does not long for houses and lands or a fixed habitation. If he had the best house in Paris, with silken beds and all that sort of thing, the second night he would steal away and sleep comfortably under an arch, or in one of his accustomed places. He is very like one of the chiefs of the Onondaga Indians, who was persuaded to build him a house in the civilized fashion. He slept in it one night and the next morning broke every pane of glass out of the windows. That night he slumbered with the rain and sleet pouring in upon him, and was happy. That was something like.

The Parisian gamin grown to be a man, could not sit still long enough to make an efficient Alderman, and he would not give a turn of his hand for all the money that could be made out of the position. He can be happy with rags and a crust, and what is money to such a being? He understands better than any philosopher, that riches consist in not how much you have, as how little you can get on with. If rags and apple cores suffice, why more?

And so he doesn't go about speculating in stocks, and getting "politikle infloonce," as his counterpart in New York does, but he is content with what he finds himself. No one ever heard of a Parisian grown-up gamin attempting to control railroads, or build steamships, or anything of the sort. He dies as he lived, and is always happy. Possibly he is the wise man. Who shall say?

But he is a part and parcel of French civilization—a natural outgrowth of French habits and customs. Without the gamin, Paris would not be Paris. Bad as he may be, he is always like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, "an amoosin little cuss," a perpetual mystery, an everlastin study, and something that no city in the world possesses. He can live on less and get more happiness out of it than any other human being on earth, but he could not exist out of Paris. He had rather be in prison in Paris than to have a palace anywhere else. He belongs to that atmosphere, to those surroundings, and can exist nowhere else in the world. He is a savage in the midst of the highest civilization, a drone in a hive of industry, and hungry in the midst of plenty. He is everything that he should not be. Nevertheless, I rather like him, to say the least. He is picturesque.

MR. SPOOPENDYKE IS ILL.

He Expresses his Opinion of the Doctor.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"How long is it since I've been out of this measly old barracks?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke, turning painfully in his bed, and gazing in a vague, half dazed way toward a long line of antidotes on the mantel.

"About two weeks, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, coming towards him with a bowl of gruel and smiling pleasantly. "The doctor says you are not likely to have another attack if you keep very quiet and follow his instructions."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, making a vain effort to sit up, and falling back with a groan. "He says I won't have another attack. Now, what do you suppose that dod gasted, bald pated pill roller knows about my case any way. Perhaps you think he could make an Egyptian mummy dance a highland fling, and put life into a cigar sign. All he needs is three bulletins a day and unlimited chin to become one of the leading physicians of the country. I suppose if I take all that stuff up there I shall be born again, and see the next Centennial. What does that bone sawing, blistering old ape know about the future any way? How can he tell whether I'll have another attack or not? Perhaps he will tell you the name of your next husband, and the color of his hair, for 50 cents. Perhaps he is a dod gasted Spiritualist. What's that?"

"Gruel," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Gruel, always gruel," said Mr. Spoopendyke, turning his face to the wall. "Do you imagine I'm a Sheltering Arms and St. John's Guild excursion thrown into one? Why don't you tie a bib around my neck, get me a rubber to chew on and put a rattle in my hand?"

"But the doctor says you must not eat solid food just at pres—"

"Oh, I am not to eat solid food," said Mr. Spoopendyke, kicking viciously at the footboard. "A diet of cannon balls and scrap iron won't agree with me. It won't do for me to attempt digesting steel rails and bridge girders. He thinks they wouldn't agree with me, does he? The measly, old rattle brained powder mixer. Here, give me that stuff," and Mr. Spoopendyke knocked the bowl out of his wife's hands, spilling the contents over the bed clothes. "There, now, I suppose you are satisfied," he said, squirming over toward the wall, and digging his face in the pillow, while Mrs. Spoopendyke gathered up the pieces and said it was so fortunate the bowl was only earthenware.

Erratic Lawyer.

Chicago Tribune.

Not long since a well known criminal lawyer of this City received a retainer from a prisoner in the County Jail, but being unable to attend to the case returned the money. In Philadelphia the Bar Association would investigate an irregularity of this kind.

Written For the Blade.

MORE PANGS AND FEARS

Than Wars or Women Have.

BY JOHN M'ELROY.

The phenomenon of aroused choler in persons of the temperament of Capt. James Buffington, the commander of the company of Rebel Cavalry, resemble the sand of an hour-glass, in requiring just the same length of time to run out, no matter what the occasion. This sort of people seem to be charged with temper as a bottle is with soda-water; when it is uncorked for any purpose we are obliged to have just so much of it—neither more nor less. The vial of wrath poured out is of precisely the same size for the largest and smallest provocations. This modulus of temper has its advantages, to compensate for the manifest disadvantages of a lack of discrimination as to the varying requirements of differing times: one knows always just what to expect, which is of vast importance in dealing with our fellow mortals.

So Capt. Buffington took the same quarter of an hour to work off his angry effervescence, whether it were uncorked by a crushing snub from his commanding General, or simply the improper cleaning of a horse by a private. He always began with the same soda-water pop and bang—the same noisy overflow that apparently threatened to sweep away everything, and ended with the same simmering down into vapory nothingness.

So it was when he dashed back to raise a storm over the disobedience of his orders in firing the shots which were aimed at Harry Glen.

For five minutes he brandished his saber savagely, and rolled out fuming volleys of verbal consignments of all who had disobeyed orders to sulphurous and penitential fires eternal in duration; for five minutes more he angrily lectured them upon the impossibility of their ever becoming soldiers unless they paid strict attention to commands, and the remaining five minutes were occupied with a monitory adjuration, that finally softened down nearly to an entreaty, to do better in the future.

As he finished speaking, some one inquired:

"Whar's the prisoner? Who's got the prisoner?"

At this every man asked his neighbor sharply what he had done with the prisoner, and every one responded angrily to the question that the accursed Yankee had not been in his charge, but in some one else's.

While this was going on, and it was ascertained by moving forward into the moonlight of an open space in the woods that the prisoner was really gone, the Captain charged himself anew with a high-pressure volume of wrath, and took another quarter of an hour to discharge it at the long suffering company.

A brief search having failed to result in the discovery of the missing one, he ordered the chaplain and the red headed and the black-bearded men to remain behind and look for the prisoner, while he went on with the rest of the company to Rockcastle Ford, where it was necessary for him to report as soon as possible, as he had gone on his expedition without the knowledge and consent of his superior officers, who might be in urgent need of his help.

The Chaplain and his companions made some pretense of searching for the missing man until the company had clattered off down the road, and then they came together for a consultation.

"Hits not a mite o' use in this sinful world to hunt any longer fur that feller to night," said the Chaplain. "You mought as well hunt for a black flea in a bushel o' lampblack ez seek fur him in these 'ere woods, by night."

"Yere right, Chaplain. We stan' about ez much chance of findin' him tonight ez we do of pickin ten dollar gold pieces in the big road," said the black-bearded man. "But I reckon ez how he'll keep till morning. He never kin find his way outen these heah woods by hisself, I kin tell ye that fur sho. He'll lay down tell mornin', an' then take the back track up the valley, an' all we'uns got ter do is to take a short cut over to Woochuck Gap, an' nab him ez he comes along."

"Hit's my opinion," said the red-headed man, "that he's a layin a durned sight lower nor that. My bullets allers go jist about whar I send 'em, an' that un tuck him a little below the shoulder blade. He's crawled off behind a log somewhars to die, an' thar we'll find him in the mornin."

"Well, ef you hit him I did, too," said the black haired one, "an' I kotched him somewhar in the neighborhood of the belt. I'm tarnal sure he's safe, somewhar."

"Well, I motion," said the Chaplain, "that we go back to Bill Strom's place, which is in the clearin back thar, an' lay down tell mornin'. Then we'll know better what to do."

The motion seemed carried without any of the parliamentary forms usually observed, and the trio went in the direction of the place the Chaplain had suggested, and soon the barking of a pack of noisy curs in the distance announced their arrival at the cabin.

They had been so near to Harry that he had overheard their conversation, and he had been in the greatest fear lest they should somehow stumble upon his hiding place—for their voices revealed to him that in place of flying away from the road, he made the common mistake of men in a strange place and at night, and moving in a circle to the left had come back to almost the place he started from. Obviously it was of little use to renew the attempt to escape by flight when he heard their voices, as he could make no progress, and the cracking of the brush would notify them of his presence.

When the furious baying of the dogs showed that the Rebels were at least a mile away, there came over him a nervous depression, which threatened to paralyze all further efforts. The enormous physical fatigue he had undergone since he had started out from the camp at Wild Cat the previous morning, the intense excitement of the bewildering vicissitude of events in which he had been a principal figure, the swift alternations from triumph at the expedition's entire success, to the wretchedness of his capture, the thrilling slaughter of the Rebels by Fortner's rifle, the preparation for his own death, the unlooked for escape, and the fear of recapture,—the crowding into one brief night of the intense experiences enough to fill a life-time, had exhausted him completely, and the moment he knew that he was safe from immediate recapture and perhaps death at the hands of the Rebels left to look for him—his overstrained nerves relaxed from the terrible tension they had endured for 18 hours, and he sank down beside the log as weak and nerveless as an infant. He knew that he did not dare to yield to this, for early in the morning the woods would be searched through for him, and he must move on, and make some effort to be beyond reach. Yet what could he do, with muscles that seemed to be masses of aching pulp, and nerves that shuddered at the very thought of further exertion? Every fiber in his body was clamorous for rest, and every atom in his brain rebelled against more trials.

It was the dull, cold, cheerless hour just before dawn, when the mind perceives everything in its gloomiest aspects. A little distance he heard a brook murmuring over the stones, and making a powerful effort, he dragged himself toward it. The sudden remembrance that he was exceedingly thirsty, helped him to summon his energies for this task; otherwise he felt as if he must inevitably fall down and sleep where he was. He reached the brook and drank heartily of its cold water. It nauseated his stomach, but seemed to revive him. He washed his face and hands, and wet his hair, and seemed to gain strength and resolution by every application of the fluid. Putting his hands in his blouse pocket for his handkerchief, to use as a towel, he found a couple of "hard tack," which he had placed there the morning before for his rations, instead of loading himself down with a haversack, and had then forgotten them. They were now a Godsend. He dipped them in the cold water and ate them with more relish than he had ever felt for food before in his life.

As he finished his meal the birds in the trees around, awakened by the first streaks of dawn in the east, began their twittering salutations to the morn and a new life and hope commenced to grow up in his heart.

He considered for a little while what he should do. It was plain that he could not go back upon the road upon which he had been brought, for even if his pursuers did not intercept him at Woodchuck Gap, they could overtake him by merely pressing on after him, as he imagined they would most likely do, since he must leave a trail, which their cunning would hardly fail to detect and follow. All that was left to him was to leave the road entirely, and ascending one of the mountains on either side of the valley, attempt to make his way back to camp through the pathless woods. This looked desperate, for he had fears of the wild beasts he might encounter in those untrodden wilds, and escaping these there was the other danger of losing his way in the wilderness, and starving to death.

But this was the only alternative, and he turned his face toward the mountain on the northern side, from some vague feeling that everything to the northward was more friendly to him than the opposite point of the compass.

Crossing the road again, his foot struck against something which caused him to look down almost involuntarily, and it was just light enough for him to distinguish the outlines of a revolver. He picked it up, and found that all of its barrels were loaded except one, which had about it the faint sulphurous odor that told of its recent discharge.

"This is the very pistol one of those devils shot at me with," said he, as his heart swelled with delight, at being so unexpectedly armed. "And it was knocked out of his hand when my horse bolted. This is a good omen; I feel confident now that I will come out all right."

It occurred to him to search a little farther; possibly he might find something else that would be of use, on a journey in which he was likely to need so much. He walked carefully about where he had found the revolver, and succeeded in picking up a few cartridges, which had been jostled out of the boxes in the confusion. He became so intent in his search that the sound of a horse approaching at a walk did not arouse his attention until he was startled by the imperative command from some one within a few yards of him:

"Halt thar! Throw up yer hands, and revolver, or I'll blow a hole through you."

He lookt up with a sickening thrill at his heart, and saw in the dim morning light the figure of a man on horseback, covering him with a leveled gun. He instinctively moved as if to raise his revolver, when the new comer called out:

"Heah, none o' that; drap that ere pop, or I ll drap you."

Harry recognized the hopelessness of the situation, and with his heart overflowing with bitterness, flung the revolver down. Yet he seemed to find something familiar in the voice, though for a moment he feared that it was one of the company into whose hands he had before fallen.

"Come up heah and let me see ef ez how ye've got any arms," said the horseman, as he himself came up quite close.

"Why, it's Jim Fortner," said Harry, in a burst of gladness.

"In the name of God, is that you, Harry Glen?" asked the other, in equal surprise.

In an instant all doubts were removed, and the two grasped each other's hands as if they were two brothers who had just circumnavigated the globe in search of each other.

Fortner was the first to tell his story.

"I didn't know ye war kotched," said he, "until after I kem up to whar the rest o' the boys war. I thought all the time that ye'd skeeted round, and got away from the devils, and when I was a shootin into 'em I wuz in hopes I wuz makin a bobbery that would turn their attention away from ye, an help ye to git away, but when I got back to the boys, an' found ye wan't thar, I made up my mind to go back an' foller Huntington's gang up until I got somebody to swap off for ye. When I got to whar I hed the skrimmage with 'em I found the critter o' one of the men I hed dropt still standin' near his master's body, a' browsin of the grass an sprouts on the hillside. I lit onto him, an started on at a tollable sharp gait, keepin a good lookout all the time for fear o' runnin into a hornet's nest. Ez I came up heah the trail wuz gittin very fresh an I wuz goin very slow an keerful. When I drawed a bead on you I thot sure I hed one of his stragglers, an I intended capturin him without any noise or anythin, git all the information I could outen him, an if I found out you war still alive an he amounted to enough for Jim to be likely to make a trade of you fur him, I would save him alive, an take him back to camp. If ye war dead, however, it'd make his chances of drawin another day's rations from the Southern Confederacy about ez slim ez the small end of nothin whittled down to a fine point."

Harry then related his story. When he came to that part of it about the Chaplain and two men being left behind to look for him, Fortner said:

"Comin back heah, arter while to look fur ye, eh? Well that is good. We'll jest wait an help 'em in their search, an see who goes back into whose camps. It'll be somethin of a feather in our cap of we kin manage to tote them back to Wild Cat with us. Ef it wuzn't already daylight we'd slip over to Bill Strom's cabin an try to get 'em while they air asleep. But we'll jest lay around heah and wait fur 'em, they'll come after awile, ef fur nothin else than to git the pistol that one on 'em lost."

The sun had by this time come up over the horizon, and his appearance gave a promise of a fine day to follow the miserably wet ones which had been the rule of late.

"From the lateness with which those fellows went to bed we're not likely to see them around here very early," said Harry, who now began to feel again as if he would give the world for an hour's rest and sleep. "Can't we lie down some place for a little while, and take our chances of being awake as soon as they are?"

"No," answered the indefatigable Fortner, "This sort o' thing is one in which you can't take no chances. When you start out to beat a feller in a game of this kind you must play every kyard in your hand fur all it's worth or the chances are you'll get beat. The other feller's agwine to make the best use of all his trumps, and you must do the same, or keep out o' the game. We'll take our rest arter we see these fellers safe in the gyard-house at Wild Cat, an' not a wink afore."

"But they certainly won't get up much before noon."

"Now don't you fool yourself that a-way. I know these mountain fellers better nor you do. When they're in sich business ez this they're like injuns on the war-path. A very little mite o' sleep 'll do 'em, an' then they're up again, an ez full of the quintessence o' devilment ez a hound is of gray hairs. Besides Bill Strom's not sleepy; he's not ben up all night, an' he'll wake 'em up purty soon an' come over heah with 'em. Hit's more nor likely that we'll hev a whack at him, too, which I'll enjoy, ez Bill an' me haint been powerful fond of each other sence I put a bullet through his shoulders down at the Somerset races."

Fortner led the horse off into a thicket of paw paw bushes and tieing him there so as to conceal him, sought a similar concealment for Harry and himself, where they could command a view of the road. They crouched down and waited. In spite of the excitement of the situation, and his efforts to the contrary, Harry's eyes would close, and after waking himself up once or twice from a doze, he fell asleep, but he thought this had not been for a minute when he was awakened by a vigorous shake.

"Wake up," said Fortner, "they're a-comin. Keep cool, take hit easy, an' do jest ez I say."

Harry looked down the road, and saw four armed horsemen coming at a slow walk, scanning the woods closely as they passed along. They halted where the confusion in the tracks in the road indicated the scene of the event of the night, and Fortner chose that instant to step out from his concealment and command:

"Surrender, thar! everyone on ye."

While Harry, as if addressing a squad standing in the paw-paw thicket called out:

"Steady, there, men! No firing without orders."

The Rebels gave a quick, surprised look, that deepened into consternation. Then their arms dropt to the ground, and all their hands went up imploringly.

"All right, gentlemen, we surrender," and the Chaplain's voice was plainly distinguishable above the rest in his anxiety that he be heard.

"Git offen yore critters, and huddle together thar in front," ordered Fortner, while Harry commanded his invisible forces:

"*Reserve*, ARMS!"

The Rebels sprang down from their horses with great readiness and stood in a little group together, where they were covered by Harry's revolver. Fortner picked up the revolvers lying on the ground and stuck them in his belt. He chose the best gun for Harry, and handed it to him, with one of the revolvers. The other guns he destroyed, one at a time, with a single blow against a tree trunk, which bent the heavy rifle barrels so as to render them utterly useless. He then selected the best two horses, and he and Harry mounted them, placing three of their prisoners on the remainder. The red headed man had the longest legs of the lot, and was in addition the youngest and most vigorous looking, so he was ordered to walk. Fortner gave the order "forward," and the party started off. Rebel Chaplain looked back over his shoulder occasionally, to see Harry's infantry command emerge from the bushes and follow, but he did not catch sight of it. Harry took an early opportunity to ride alongside of him, and imitating as near as possible the drawl of the reverend gentleman, asked him:

"Young man, do you happen to know any prayer-sh?"

The Chaplain now recognized the voice of the captive of the night before, and looked up with a face blanched with new terror. The red headed and the black bearded men also turned startled faces around at the sound of that voice. The Chaplain began a whining appeal for mercy, but Harry curtly ordered him to be silent, and devote himself to the consideration of matters pertaining to a future that he might be ushered into any instant.

Late that afternoon the pickets at Wildcat were passed, and before dark Harry and Fortner had turned their prisoners over to the officer of the day, and were devouring a hearty supper in the midst of a circle of congratulating comrades. Harry was too sleepy to tell the story, and a few minutes later found him and Fortner beneath the blankets, restoring tired nature with very sonorous snores.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The "Nickel Racket."

San Antonio Express

A few days ago an *Express* reporter was informed that three men, nice looking and elegantly dressed fellows, were here to work the "nickel racket," as it is called. They carry about with them a small box with a false bottom. A nickel is propped into the top of the box, rattled a bit, and then there is a proposition made that the nickel can be made to dissapear without removing the cover of the box. A bet of a dollar or so is offered by a pal of the fellow having the box and making the proposition, who, however affects not to know the other man. This money is lost, for the nickel still appears as it was left when the lid of the box is reopened. Then the fellow handling the box proposes to try it over again, and the bet is increased and again won. A third trial, and probably a fourth follows and some unsuspecting bystander or the victim in view joins in with the rogues pal and the bet is raised to $5 or $10. At this juncture the rogue touches a spring which opens the false bottom and admits the nickel to the real bottom of the box. The money is of course put up in the hands of a pal, who forks it over, and the man with the box leaves followed by the curses of the pretended victim and the real victims. The reporter is informed that several of the demi-monde and unsuspecting men also have thus come short of funds.

Ancient Free Masonry in Mexico.

Dr. Le Plougeon, a distinguished archaeologist, writes the following interesting letter from Merida, Yucatan:

"I have discovered the ruins of an ancient Masonic temple, where the priests and magicians used to gather in order to celebrate their mysteries. The Masonic lodge of those belonging to the first degree fronts toward the north; that of the Masons belonging to the second and third degrees points to the south. I have found a few of the mystical dice, a stone on which is carved an apron with a hand on it, and a cabalistic stone (the stone is of such a description that your correspondent is of the opinion that he found a similar stone in the Temple of Heliopolis.) I have taken copies in clay and shall try to establish the relation between these discovered Masonic attributes and those found at Memphis and Thebes. I think I may not be mistaken if I suspect a relation as well with those attributes discovered by Gorringe on the pedestal of the Cleopatra obelisk at present in Central Park, New York."

Not Crying For It.

New York Herald.

There is not much politics stirring, but nobody cries aloud for more.

THE OIL OPERATOR.

One Man Who Failed to Make a Fortune—Working for Years and Finally Retiring Without a Cent.

Bradford Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

"Oh, you can laugh, you fellows; but I tell you I am going to skip the country for good, and don't you let it slip your memory. I've been banging around this cussed oil country long enough, and I guess I know when to quit. But, I say, come up and take something."

Old man Dartle waved a windmill arm at the crowd in a Bradford hotel barroom, with an injunction that if they didn't drink with him he would take it as a personal insult. Strange to say no one cared to incur the old man's displeasure and the bar keeper and a disreputable-looking porter handed out lemonade, beer and whisky with that alacrity invariably shown when they are included in the general invitation. The old fellow wiped his lips with the sleeve of his coat and seating himself on a nail keg outside the door resumed his remarks:

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1881.

OUR CHEAP BOOKS.

It was our intention to withdraw all announcements of cheap books in the BLADE, but such seems to be the demand, that we believe a small list of books for Summer reading will be appreciated by the readers. We therefore select those which are rare bargains in price, and endorse them by saying they are the cheapest ever offered to the reading public, and well adapted to the season. We send all books postpaid by mail.

The greatest bargain is in the two works, "Bible Biography" and "Struggles of Nasby," both of which have been described in these columns as very fine, large illustrated volumes, made expressly for the subscription trade. The regular price of these books are $3, but we mail them post-paid for $1.25. We have but a very few copies of the "Struggles of Nasby" unsold.

The following cloth-bound popular $1.75 novels we are mailing post-paid for 50 cts.: "Lady Lenora," "All for Her" "All for Him," "Conquered," "Fearless Cathleen," "St. Peter's Bride," "Vesta Van," and "The Grinder Papers," "Errors," "Home Harmonies," "Lily of San Miniato," "Hoss Hits and Hints," "Richard Vandermark," "Bitterwood," "Innocents from Abroad," "A Woman in the Case," "Gabe's Dream," "Another Man's Wife" "Billy Darrell" and "Led Astray."

The following cloth-bound books we are mailing post-paid for 25 cts.: "He or I," a humorous prize novel; "That Comic Primer," a humorous primer; "That Bridget of Ours," a novel; "Rice's Poems," a book of poems; "Annals of a Baby," a story; "Me," a story; "Tim's Wife," a story; "Our Artist in Spain and Cuba," comic illustrations of travel; "That Charming Evening," a book of evening games and pastimes; "Dental Economy," a treatise on the teeth.

The following are bargains post-paid, by mail: "Tourist's Guide in Great Britain," 75 cents; "Great and Eccentric Characters," $1.50; "Baron Munchausen," 75 cents; "Smith's Bible Dictionary," a large edition, $3.50; "Geological Sketches," 50 cents; "Gulliver's Travels," 50 cents; "War Tiger and White Elephant," 75 cents; "Good Things," an illustrated book for children, $1.25, and "Shakspere," 75 cents.

NASBY PAMPHLETS.

Nasby as a Banker, by Nasby.
The Democratic John Bunyan, by Nasby.
Sent by mail for 10 cents each.
Diary of an Office Seeker, 15 cents.
Or the three pamphlets, 30 cents.
For any of the above books, address
THE BLADE,
Toledo, O.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

There is a man in this City so insanely prohibitory that he will have nothing to do with maple because there are barsin it.—*Boston Courier.*

An Ohio man owns a pig weighing 150 pounds that was born with two legs, and it walks around on them just like the rest of the family.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The greatest length of the United States from east to west is 2,800 miles; greatest breadth from north to south, 1,600 miles, average breadth, 1,200 miles.

A Minnesota man has learned that he can not do as he pleases on his own land. He kicked a woman while she was driving her cow to water on his premises, and was fined $100 and costs.

The Rev. William Marshall (colored,) of Clark County, Ky., announces that he will pray for any desired object on receipt of 75 cents. Customers are advised to insist upon paying only after receipt of goods.

If salt will preserve her Michigan should endure, for she is the principal salt producing State of the Union. According to late census figures, her yield of salt was almost one-half the whole production of the country.

This is being told as new: "Howly Moses! I'm an ugly man! I've niver been purty, I know that. But when they dhrive up and hitch their horses to me for a posht, divil a bit can I howld me beautiful timper!"

A man who lives in one of the Territories, and is discreet to live so far away, sends the following alleged conundrum: "What is the difference between Abraham and Abraham of old? One is the juice of the poppy, and the other the poppy of the Jews."

A letter written in Virginia, in March, 1864, by Hamilton Abeel, a soldier in the Union army, addressed to his mother, Elizabeth Abeel, at Round Lake, Saratoga County, N. Y., arrived at its destination on Wednesday last. Where it has been during the past 17 years is not known.

Thackeray at one time gave to the late Bayard Taylor a silver inkstand and the court sword worn by Schiller. When he gave his penknife to James S. Fields he accepted from him a small sum, to avoid the superstitious idea that it would "cut friendship" to make a free gift of a knife.

Dr. Gray, of the *Interior*, is in Scotland, and finds there an occasional specimen of the American hog running wild. And with the air of a naturalist he adds: "The American swine abroad is loud, bristly and impudent. The largest specimen I have seen so far had holes cut in his kid gloves, through which his diamonds protruded. There is nothing specially objectionable in a quiet, modest pig, as a pig; but the American wild hog is an uncommonly unpleasant neighbor."

The Selectmen of the Town of Franconia, N. H., have done a pleasant thing in changing the name of Haystack Mountain in their Town to Mount Garfield, and their action is all the more gratifying from the fact of their being Democrats. The mountain was known 60 years ago as Moose Mountain, Mount Lafayette being then called the Great Haystack. After Mr. Lincoln's assassination, the mountain next south of Lafayette was named Mount Lincoln. Mount Garfield has long been famous as the most symmetrical of the White Mountain group and one of the most conspicuous of the higher peaks, attaining a hight of 4,600 feet, 700 feet less than Mount Lafayette, its near neighbor.

The President's condition causes great anxiety abroad as well as in America. A private letter from England recently received says: "The English sympathize most deeply with the Americans in their affliction. Wherever one goes by steamer, rail or omnibus comments may be heard in regard to the treatment pursued by the physicians and what ought to be done to Guiteau—in short, the keenest interest is taken. The President is the hero of the two countries; if he lives, which God grant he may, the English will never be satisfied until he has made them a visit, and the receptions given to Grant were nothing to what will be accorded him."

A correspondent of the New York *Mail* describes the present appearance of Garibaldi: "I never in my life beheld a living being so death like. If I had not seen his eyes and lips move I should have believed him to be dead. His eyes, however, retain fire, and move about from side to side, following people around the room, without, however, his changing his attitude in the least degree. The expression of his countenance is one of profound sadness, not unmingled with a great sweetness. At the close of a conversation he said: 'If you have the chance, pray you tell the English and Americans that old Garibaldi, worn and weary, remembers their generous sympathy and still loves them dearly.'"

"You am de squarest man in Austin," said old Uncle Rose, entering a drug store and taking a clerk by the hand. The drug man blushed modestly and said he always tried to do his duty as a Christian and an American citizen, regardless of age, race, sex or previous condition. "I knowed right off you was a Christian, sah. No man in de drug business 'ceptin a follerer ob de Lord would hang out such a sign as you has got. Hit shows you am a Christian fust, and a pizen mixer afterward. I was jest spellin' it out. Mis am de best advice eber I got in a drug store." "What sign are you talking about, Uncle?" asked the somewhat bewildered druggist. "Dat ar," said de old man, pointing to a placard on de wall, which read: "Tasteless Medicines." "Dat ar am de best advice in de world; taste less medicines. I nebber had tasted no medicines, no how, and dat ar am de chief reason I se alive and kickin' yit. But you am de fust Christian druggist eber I struck." And the old man strolled out just in time to avoid stepping with his head a package of hair restorer that the infuriated druggist hurled after him.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Democratic Convention.

Inter-Ocean.

It is rumored that the wives of Marvin, the polygamist, are about to hold a convention at which their husband will be present. After listening to the debate he will be turned over to the Coroner for such further proceedings as his case may require.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Mr Charles Reis, No. 1611 Second Carondelet avenue, this City, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil after 16 years suffering with rheumatism.

For the Blade.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

BY IGNOTUS.

Close beside the dusty roadside, in the forest edge it stands,
With the beech-boughs meeting o'er it, like old cronies shaking hands;
Unadorned, unembellished, still its humble front it rears,
Old and worn, and gray, and battered with the storms of many years;
Scarce you'd deem it for the dwelling of the poorest peasant fit,
Yet you cannot guess how wildly beats my heart at sight of it;
For it was love in by gone days, I dreamed such dreams that never
Can I dream like dreams again, though my life should last forever?

But the chiefest of those early dreams, the brightest and the best,
And the one whose spell was potent, o'er the throbbing brain and breast;
And the one that with most earnest thought my spirit now recalls
Was the love dream, that in childhood, had its birth in those old walls;
Never, through the gates, that open from the brighter world above
On the soul, came down a deeper, or a wilder dream of love;
Passionate, yet pure and holy, such a love-dream as can never
In my heart be born again, though my life should last forever.

But the school house is in ruins, and the beech-boughs waving wild,
Seems not like the loving beech-bough, that did greet me when a child;
Seared and blackened, they are mourning o'er the ashes, pale and dead,
Like my spirit, o'er its love dream, lest its darling life be fled;
Gazing, trembling at its beauty, so etherial and rare,
Hardly daring to embrace it, lest it vanish into air;
Living death to see it dying, for I know full well that never
Can I dream that dream again, though my life should last forever!

Tell me, those who shared this dreaming in that school-house old and gray,
Must the altar we erected, like it molder and decay?
Must the pure flame that we kindled, burn to ashes pale and white,
And the love dream, fair and beauteous, vanish like the dream of night?
Nay, we will not lose it, even death commands in vain,
For within that "upper country" we shall find our dream again;
Glorified and made immortal, for it was a dream that never
May we dream on earth again, though our lives should last forever.

Candor, N. Y.

FOR THE LADIES.

Brown is a favorite color this season.

Chenille is popular for embroidery and fringes.

White satin shoes are embroidered with pearls.

The "high heel" in London has been voted "bad style."

Black and dark colors remain the fashion for hosiery.

Sleeves have the puffs apparently tied by bows of ribbon.

For holiday and wedding gifts this Autumn china plates will be the rage.

Umbrella covers are something new for industrious fingers to make for fairs.

Satin and velvet evening shoes have the toes covered with steel, jet or Turkish embroidery.

Jennie June says sorrowfully that the female tourists abroad seem to have changed their natures and to have lost some of their finest elements.

For the Autumn and weddings before Christmas, the bridesmaids will wear ivory-white camels' hair trimmed with bands of swans' down; large white plush hats and drooping white feathers.

Hollyhocks and thistles are now the whim of the moment for screen embroidery. The thistle panel is placed between two hollyhocks, the softer hues of the former making a pretty contrast to the brighter colors of the side panels.

"Wear a stiff collar while you can, my dear," said a shrewd American matron to a blooming young girl, "when you are as old as I am you will find that you have to make up by paying ever so much a yard for your lace."

A correspondent of the *Woman's Journal* suggests that the best title for girls before becoming of age is "Miss," after that "Lady," whether married or not. This will save the pride of the old maids and please them mightily.

In France women are usually employed to manage the accounts in shops. "It is," says the London *Truth*, "antiquated nonsense to suppose that a girl in an office where men are employed is a defenceless lamb amid a troop of wolves."

London *Truth* says: "Checks are now fashionable as wedding presents, are are naturally much appreciated. They take the place of the "roll of bank notes that the bride's father, in old romances pressed in her hand at parting, and as to the amount of which she was always so indifferent—in fiction."

Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott) writes from London to a friend in Philadelphia that she is a sad invalid, suffering severely and very frequently from attacks of acute bronchitis. The asthma which she hoped to get rid of by going abroad still oppresses her, though in a less violent form than at home. She says she can bear pain, prostration, danger, everything, better than inability to write in the old way; that grieves her. Should she decide to return home she will come next month.

Among the many prospectors of Utah a year ago were four young men, who were rewarded by the valuable discovery of a mine near Hailey. One of the young men had a lady friend, and it was decided to name the mine after her, and to so fix the title that, in case of their death, it should be hers. Last Winter, while working upon their claim, the whole party were buried beneath a snow slide, and now the young lady is planning what good she will do with the $25,000 that has been offered her for her next little legacy.

The marriage of the Duchesse de Richelieu to Sir Hickman Bacon is a curious union of race and religion. The bride is of French-Hebrew-creole blood, and was born in New Orleans. Her father and uncle, Armand and Michael Heine, are two French Hebrews who more than 30 years ago went to New Orleans and made enormous fortunes as commission merchants. At the opening of the civil war they returned to Paris, and there the daughter of Michael Heine became the wife of the Duc de Richelieu. She is a Catholic, and her second husband is a High Churchman.

REV. ANNIE OLIVER.

A Lady Preacher of Rare Talents.

Miss Annie Oliver, the young woman who has taken charge of the Willoughby Avenue M. E. Church, Brooklyn, is a lady of rare power as a speaker. Her style is more conversational than oratorical. Unlike many pulpit orators, she never speaks at random. She has a subject, and she knows she has hearers, and she talks straight at them. She holds large congregations deeply interested every Sunday, and, though few of her denomination, outside of her own church, indorse "women preachers" she is quite popular with those who know her. Her life has been one of struggle. It is understood that her parents do not approve of her course, and that her real name is not Oliver. Her mind is richly stored by extensive reading. At one time she was pursuing the study of art, having a studio in Cincinnati, and at another period she was a teacher among the freedmen. Her personal independence is remarkable, and whatever she attempts she is sure to succeed in. One of her chief characteristics is her faith. She believes in something positive, and shows her sincerity by her persistency and self sacrificing devotion. She has a cherry, pleasant face, and is personally attractive, while her voice is clear, with not a particle of the wailing in it which so many women seem to cultivate. She is still young, and evidently has capacities for a noble work and a great future.

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

Is the best Salve for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

OVER 165,000 Howe Scales have been sold. Send for Catalog to Borden, Selleck & Co., General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

The Enthusiasm of the French With Regard to this Country.

Interview with Ex-Minister Noyes in Cincinnati Enquirer.

An argument which has effectually silenced all opposition to the existing regime is the fact to which the French point with pride that the two most prosperous Nations on earth are the two Republics on either side of the Atlantic. This is the stubborn truth, against which the assaults of the growlers and chronic disturbers found in every country fall harmless.

"What is the French idea of our country and institutions?"

"America is the star in the firmament of Nations upon which the French build their hopes of the future. In every way they emulate our example. It is really astonishing the knowledge they possess concerning the resources and institutions of the United States."

"Is our high financial standing the subject of much comment?"

"It is, indeed. Not only are we considered the foremost nation of the world in our material wealth, but our credit is boundless. Some time since, in a conversation with Baron de Rothschild he spoke most enthusiastically of our commercial and financial credit. I recollect one sentence *verbatim*. It impressed me as such a great compliment coming from the most famous money king in the world that I have treasured it up in my memory. He said: 'The financial position of the United States is unexampled in the history of the world. You are robbing the treasuries of all other nations to enrich your own coffers.'"

"A great many Americans visit Paris every season, do they not, General?"

"At least 60 000. Our citizens have won quite a reputation for their liberality, bordering on profligacy, all over Europe. It is cause for much remark, and the impression is indelibly formed upon the minds of Europeans, especially the middle and lower classes, that the United States is a veritable Eldorado or the long sought land of Ophir. One reason for this idea is the fact that so many rich Americans go to Paris to spend their money, and consequently the French see but one side of life in the United States."

"Among the Americans in Paris Mrs. Mackey, wife of the Bonanza King, is one of the most noted for her ability to spend a large amount of money, is she not?"

"Yes But the newspapers have greatly exaggerated the stories concerning her prodigality. I am well acquainted with Mrs Mackey, and she is a noble, generous woman. She spends four times as much for charity than any thing else. There is no doubt that she lives in magnificent style, but not snobbishly or unbecoming her position. I have frequently called upon her as representative of the Legation to get assistance for her needy countrymen, and never has she failed to respond liberally."

"What about the famous dinner-party she gave in Paris, which created such a furore?"

"I was present at that dinner," said the General, "and it was a most princely affair. But cost nothing like the sum stated by the newspapers. I think Mrs. Mackey expended on that occasion $30,000."

"Have you ever calculated how much money Americans leave in Paris every year?"

"No. It would be almost impossible to do so. The sum is simply fabulous. Boucicault, one of the most popular dry goods men in Paris among Americans, told my wife that in 1878 he sold 90,000,000 francs worth of goods, and of this Americans bought one half—45,000,000 francs, or $9,000,000.

"Our people are a source of much profit to Parisian shopmen, and are consequently treated with the utmost deference. Boucicault never disputes a bill with an American, and, even after taking goods to their hotels or place of residence, if they do not suit, Boucicault will receive them back in exchange, or refund the money."

A PRINCELY NIHILIST.

The Career of Man Who Is Fomenting the Russian Revolution.

Prince Krapotkine, the Nihilist, is now about 40 years of age. He is a member of one of the oldest and noblest families of the empire. Bred in ease and luxury, he soon broke with all the traditions of his caste, and devoted himself from the 17th year to the study of the sciences. He studied in various universities, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kharkoff and other cities, and soon be came an authority in the specialty he had chosen—geology. He united, with the help of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, of which he was Secretary, various scientific expeditions throughout Russia. The life he has led was retired and seemed so utterly engrossed by scientific interests that nobody thought of suspecting him of any revolutionary propoganda. When, in 1877, he was suddenly arrested and thrown into a dungeon of the St. Petersburg fortress, public opinion was utterly amazed. It was still more so when, a few months later, Krapotkine succeeded in escaping from prison and disappeared. He went to Geneva, and by his eloquent and ably-written articles in the *Obstchina*, contributed greatly to the elucidation and development of the principles and practical policy of the party. N. Dragomanoff was still at the University of Kieff. The persecutions he had to endure from the Government compelled him to emigrate. He, too, joined the editorial staff of the *Obstchina*, and edited, moreover, another Nihilist paper in the so-called "Little Russian" (Maloruski) dialect—the *Gromada*.

TRAMPS.

Nothing Mean About Them.

Detroit Free Press

A gentleman who was yesterday standing in front of the Opera House was approached by a tramp who seemed to have tears in his eyes as he said:

"Say, mister, my wife is dying, and I want to get twenty-five cents to buy some medicine."

Before any answer could be made a second tramp came from the other direction and halted and asked:

"Say, mister, can't you lend me a quarter? I've got to get something for my cough or I'll be dead before snow flies."

"Here you are—one wants a quarter to save his dying wife, and the other wants a quarter to cure his cough. Now what shall I do about it?"

"Is your cough very bad?" asked tramp No. 1 of No. 2

"T-terrible!" coughed No. 2 in reply.

"Well, there's nothing mean about me," continued No. 1. "This is my second wife, and no great shakes at that, and maybe the medicine wouldn't help her any. I'll waive all claims and he may hand you the quarter."

"Oh, I c-couldn't t-think of it," coughed the other. "Maybe I'll get over this, while your p-poor wife certainly needs medicine."

"Well, here's a quarter for each of you," said the citizen as he witnessed their unselfishness, and while they halted on the next corner to tell a friend that the world was growing better, the two philanthropists halted on the corner a block the other way to play pigeon hole for the drinks.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

An Invaluable Remedy.

I think Horsford's Acid Phosphate is an excellent and invaluable addition to our list of remedies

WM. C. RICHARDSON, M. D.
St. Louis, Mo.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has proved its efficiency by a test of 75 years' constant use. Try it.

SPEND your time profitably, young man, by attending H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College. A practical training will help you.

CANVASSERS make from $25 to $5 per week selling goods for R. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for catalog and terms.

ENTERPRISING LADIES.

Female Stock Gambling and Pawnbroking.

Strange Doings in Good Society—Some Domestic Skeletons Accounted for—Unredeemed Pledges and Pecuniary Profits—Trade Secrets Unearthed—The Haste to Get Rich.

Brooklyn Eagle.

A few weeks since an *Eagle* reporter, in the course of a casual conversation with an elderly gentleman of colloquial tendencies, had occasion to refer to the present craze for stock investments and mining securities. That gentleman is a retired pawnbroker.

"I could tell you some queer stories in regard to the pawnbroking business, had I time," he remarked, "and not the least interesting feature connected with it is a rage for stock gambling which prevails among many ladies of undoubted respectability who move in good society." Thinking the subject too good a one to be lost, an appointment was made, the result of which is the present article, strengthened by personal inquiries as to their accuracy.

"This stock gambling," said the authority, "is comparatively a new feature in connection with pawnbroking, that is to say, that it has introduced a new set of clients from those who have heretofore comprised the ordinary list of customers. The late Charles Dickens, and Greenwood, formerly of the London *Telegraph*, have written up the subject from its poverty standpoint, but the aristocratic side of the subject has never been dealt with, for far as I am aware, in its relation to the many phases of New York life.

MISERY AND FLATIRONS

have hitherto formed the stock in trade, so to speak, of the reporter in regard to pawnbroking literature."

"Then in what manner are the pawnbroking and the stock gambling combined?

"I will come to that directly, but you must let me tell the story in my own way. In the first place, since society ladies will go in for this sort of thing their wants have to be met in a new form. This is done by the establishment of private loan offices, the external appearance of which bears no relation to the character of the business transacted within, although they are to all intents and pawnbroking establishments. There are some half dozen of these scattered around the fashionable uptown streets of New York, elaborately appointed in the latest style of art furniture. One of the best known is in the vicinity of the Hotel Brunswick, a second is in Forty-first street, but I cannot give them all away. Honor among pawnbrokers, you know."

"BUT WHERE DO THE CUSTOMERS COME FROM?"

"Oh, there are a dozen different ways of getting customers, and it is pretty safe to say that when a lady client comes once that she will come again. In the first place they are partly from the advertising columns of the daily newspapers. For instance, Mrs A advertises that she wishes to sell her diamonds or raise money on them. A gentlemanly agent of the principal is put into correspondence with her, for all these advertisements are carefully scanned and filed away. The correspondence may or may not end in a loan, although in the majority of cases a loan is made, ladies generally preferring to deal with the professional money lender rather than with private parties. They have a greater sense of security by adopting the former method. As a rule the principal prefers to lend on diamonds than to buy them outright, the risk of purchase being too great. Thus, you see,

THE LENDER HAS A DOUBLE SECURITY,

for repayment. He has a moral, as well as a financial, guarantee. It might sound strange, but it is perfectly true, that some of the first-class money lenders who do business in this way keep a list of names of ladies whose tastes and habits are known to be extravagant, but yet whose respectability is undoubted. In the second place, ladies's maids, who are often intrusted with valuables to raise money on, and who are pecuniarily interested in the proceeds, prove very useful agents in giving points in regard to future customers. The position they fill toward their mistresses renders this quite easy.

ANOTHER SOURCE OF CUSTOM,

although not extensively indulged in, is obtained from jewelers. There is a firm on Broadway, who make it a specialty to give notice to a money lender when they have sold goods to women of a certain class, feeling sure that the newly purchased jewelry will find its way into theirs or some other hands before long."

"But how does the law affect this kind of business?"

"The law has nothing to do with it provided the parties who lend money pay their license and charge no more than the legal interest. But the law in this as in many other cases, is in the latter respect, almost a dead letter, because the parties mostly interested would rather pay almost anything than have the matter made public."

"Are costly valuables often left in the money lenders' hands unredeemed?"

"Not so often as you would suppose. Perhaps about 25 per cent of the jewelry pawned in this way is sacrificed. Sometimes it happens that Mrs B, for instance, wishes to get the use of her diamonds for a certain evening. Her husband has promised to take her to a ball, and is unaware that they are pawned. Well, Mrs. B. would do anything sooner than he should know, so she goes to the money-lender and states her case. He is quite aware that an exposure will do him more harm than good, and as a very great favor he will let her have the use of them for that particular occasion, feeling quite sure that they will be returned at the time specified. Of course, he takes care not to lose anything by the transaction, whereas Mrs. B becomes, after two or three experiences of the same kind, an agent of the man from whom she has borrowed money, by recommending to him other ladies who are hard up for funds, but who are less experienced in such matters than herself."

"And you think that the money thus borrowed is largely devoted to speculation?"

"I do. In fact, I know of several instances that such is the case. If you take up some of the leading dailies you will find all sorts of inducements for investment. Many of them are patent frauds. Some of them advertise to invest sums in stocks, and guarantee their customers against loss. No respectable broker would advertise anything of the kind, and it is only green hands who are caught in this way. Then there are grain brokers who follow suit, and a dozen other ways of getting money out of inexperienced people. Sometimes it is done by private circular, addressed to the parties through the mails, although this latter proceeding is somewhat risky."

"But how do they get the names?"

"That is easy enough. There are business address companies who furnish names, already printed, for so much per thousand, and for every conceivable object, as the law, the church, the medical profession, and, in fact, every known department of business or social life in which a man or woman's name is likely to be of any interest to the sender. But speaking of stock gambling, it is singular how some women will run strange risks for money. Not long since a lady, who is one of the leaders in fashionable society, borrowed $500 on $3,000 worth of diamonds. She invested the money chiefly in wildcat mining ventures with the husband of a friend of hers, who acted as a projector of certain worthless claims, which were actually floated and quoted on the Mining Exchange. Of course, these quotations had no substantial value, but, like many stocks of the same kind, are daily bought and sold, and are not infrequently forced up to a surprising high figure—that is high, considering the class of stock. You can well believe that the $500 was soon absorbed in brokerage, margins and loss. Then more money was borrowed, but by a lucky turn of the market the lady recovered the greater part of her money. The anxiety of suspense, however had so worn her down that she fell ill, and in a moment of remorse she confided to her husband the cause of her distress. The valuables were redeemed, and she received a lesson which she can never forget. Another case is that of a lady who literally

PAWNED EVERY JEWEL SHE POSSESSED.

Being a widow, she had no husband's wrath to fear, But in her case she redeemed her property by effecting a mortgage on her house. Sums of money, varying from $50 to $1,000 are lost every day in the week."

"Have you any reason for supposing that the pawnbrokers are interested in these stock gambling concerns?"

"Directly, perhaps not; but indirectly I am of opinion that some of them are. But that is something for your ingenuity to find out."

It subsequently transpired during our representative's investigations, that several retail dry goods men, bitten by the craze which stock speculation has reached, are in the habit of actually pledging large quantities of goods to meet their financial obligations. In one establishment in New York, the proprietor, whom we will call Mr. Abram, has his premises mostly filled with dry goods, gentlemen's furnishings, cases of wines, demijohns of whisky, plated ware and even pianos, the former articles all being in original, unbroken packages, just as they came from the wholesale warehouse. They are received at all hours, the heavy kind of cases usually about dusk. And here may be mentioned, by way of curiosity,

THE ORIGIN OF THE TERM "UP THE SPOUT."

The "spout," as it is technically called, is a tube which passes up through the premises, by means of which are conveyed small parcels of goods. The large parcels are taken on the hoist.

"What percentage of unredeemed goods do you have left at the end of the year?" asked the reporter of the proprietor of this concern.

"From 25 to 30."

"May I inquire the relative value you advance on personal effects?"

"Well, on cheap jewelry, such as amethyst rings and nine carat goods, we don't often lend but little more than the worth of the metal and stones. On the better kind about one-third; old silver watches, horizontal movements, from a dollar to $3, but on diamonds rubies and emeralds, which we might call staples, we advance up to 65 per cent. of their value. Lace and antique ware we have no set price for, people generally preferring to deal with those who make that kind of thing a specialty. The business might not suit some people, but since nearly everybody, at some time or other, is hard up, why we do the best we can for them."

"Not forgetting yourselves, of course," added the reporter.

"Of course, not," chuckled the gentleman, "but then that's understood," and he laughed with as much gusto as though he had got off a capital joke. It is perhaps not to be wondered at, therefore, since married business men are in such a hurry to get rich that they will go out of their legitimate sphere to make money, that their wives should occasionally follow their example on their own responsibility.

A TRUE CHARITY.

The London Ragged Schools at Play.

London Truth.

Kind-hearted people having subscribed their guineas, half guineas, crowns, half crowns and shillings to give some children of the Ragged Schools a happy day in the country, the result was a wonderful gathering on a lovely August morning, at an hour when fashionable people are just beginning their second sleep. Such chirping and chattering was never exceeded before. The children were just like a colony of Brobdignag sparrows. Their high, shrill voices were even higher and shriller than usual, in their abundant happiness. As for sight, never was such a variety of garments seen in any assemblage before. Both boys and girls have an overwise look for their childish years. Some of the elder girls have a sort of motherly air toward the little ones, scolding teem as might the real mothers themselves. "You naughty gel, untyin ev yer strings like that. Don't yer do it again;" or "Marianne! Marianne!" sharp, shrill and ear piercing, "didn't I tell yer to stay by me? What would become of yer if you was to lose me?" as though the personality were of the most mature years, instead of about eight or ten. The boys, as a rule, took affairs less seriously, if less excitedly.

What a train full of happiness was ours! Many of the children had never traveled by rail before. To these the short journey was the wildest dissipation of enjoyment. Those who had undergone a previous experience of journeying by train, however slight, took quite a superior tone. These premature cynics, one and all, broke down at the sight of the field where the day was to be spent; a field with trees in it, the most delightful hedges, not too trim, each a wealth of unexplored delights for these little town birds, and buttercups and daisies.

I had a brilliantly red hothouse flower pinned in my dress on an occasion somewhat similar to the one I am here describing. The little city Arabs round me looked at the flower with admiring wonder. One poor little fellow asked if he might "just touch it once," and when I unfastened it and gave it to him, to keep for himself, his delight seemed to partake of a kind of reverent awe as he held the flower. "Did it come from Heaven?" he whispered; and how hard it seemed to tell him that earth is full of such loveliness, though it rarely comes into the lives of such poor little waifs as he.

ALIVE IN THEIR GRAVES.

Two Brothers in a Caved Well Make Verbal Wills.

Niobrara Pioneer.

Mr. G. Wiard, who has just returned from O'Neill City, informs us that the two Biglow brothers, who resided in town for a while this Spring, before going to their homesteads near Atkinson, Holt County, were buried in a well at that place on the 28th ult. by the caving in of the quick sand through which the well had been sunk, the curbing not being of sufficient strength to resist the pressure.

Although one was severely injured by the timbers he survived until the Saturday morning following, and the other, who was not injured, lived until that evening, when their strength was exhausted and death released them from misery. Although 28 feet from the surface of the ground, they could make themselves heard, and gave directions regarding the disposal of their property, advising their wives, who were sisters, to go back to their old home East, where they would be happier and more comfortable.

There were more rescuers than could work at one time, and frequent changes of hands were made, all being done fast mortal could do, but of no avail, the brothers being fully aware that help could not reach them in time. They died calmly and manfully, taking their fate as true men do. They were exhumed on Sunday and buried.

Advice to Servant Girls.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

O Dynamite Rossa says there will be no more talk but that he means business. The servant girls should sew up their pockets.

"How are You, My Old Friend?"

Asked a bright looking man. "Oh! I feel miserable, I'm billious and can't eat, and my back is so lame I can't work." "Why in the world don't you take Kidney Wort? That's what I take when I'm out of sorts, and it always keeps me in perfect tune. My doctor recommends it for all such troubles." Kidney Wort is the sure cure for billiousness and constipation. Don't fail to try it.—*Long Branch News.*

GRAMMAR.

His Baby Shall Escape Its Tyranny.

R. J. Burdett.

Well, time flies, the summer is almost over, the mackerel have come up the bay and are biting like poison, the ferns are growing old, and the boy is learning to talk so that other people can understand him.

"If you would let me have him about one month," said the pleasant voiced and pleasant-faced schoolmistress, who came down here from up river last week, "I could break him of that careless habit of speaking."

Just because the boy had asked his stern, dark browed father—

"Popguls, whurs is mines fiffin pole, you peakin' mamma um day?"

Which by interpretation is, as the pleasant voiced schoolmistress would have taught him to say it—

"Father, where is my fishing rod, of which you were speaking to my mother with reference to purchasing it for me at some time in the indefinite future?"

And her little serene highness shook her head and said no; he was losing his baby talk, and learning to speak Edglish too rapidly as it was. The pleasant face of the schoolmistress wrinkled up into an interrogation point.

"School mistress," the Jester said, "on all matters of education your shapely head is not hilly; it is as level as a new-mown lawn. But you don't want to teach the baby grammar, and you don't want him to speak good English. You want him to be a baby, and you want to encourage him to indulge in baby talk. In the years to come, when the pudgy little fists will dig great tears out of the blue eyes because the boy can't remember in just what points there should and must be exact harmony between the verb and the subject; when he is confident that he will die before he can remember how many fellows beside 'sad, sate, con, in or inter,' are followed by the accusative; when he knows the world will stand still for just two hours after school if he can't recall that all terminations in something or other take the what-you-may-call-it after some kind of things; when he is so trusting, and has so much confidence in Mr. Davies, that he is not only willing but anxious to accept his statement that the sum of the three angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles, without going to the board to prove his truthfulness by demonstration; along in those days the memory of his baby talk will come back to us like sweet music. He will have trouble enough with the English language and all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining by and by. No," he responded in answer to a silent inquiry of the pleasant-faced school mistress, "he does not know his alphabet, thank Heaven, and he shall not be bothered with it. Yes, he has alphabet blocks and knows all the pictures on them and many preposterous stories about the pictures. Oh, yes, he can count; hear him now counting the pebbles he has brought from the beach, 'one, free, seven, free, seven, ten, free, five, seven, free;' certainly he can count, by a system of his own, too, which is more than most people have. Don't make a prig of the baby, schoolmistress. From the day on which they are six years old they must, under the school system of the State, begin to study and sit up straight, and behave properly and speak correctly, and from that time on until the grave hides them, they live and speak and act—verbally speaking they be and do, and suffer—under social and educational surveillance. And I claim that at least six years of the life of man and woman should be free—free as the air, free to talk as the brook runs, with untrammeled musical prattle and babble. Why, here a few weeks ago, came a melancholy looking child, about four years old, and in my presence and hearing, pointed to me, and said to his mother—

"Ma'ma, of whom is that gentleman speaking?"

"Poor little prig! My heart bled for him. That afternoon I took that boy down by the target, and taught him to say, 'Ma'ma, what is dat man speakin' you about?' and reconstructed his general grammar on the same easy basis, and—look me in the eye—if that boy didn't tan up like a young Indian in two days, and he gained seven pounds within three weeks.

"You see," the Jester concluded, in an apologetic tone, for he had done an unusual amount of preaching that day, "you see, we haven't a very broad experience in training children; we have only one chick to cluck over and scratch for, but we're bound he shan't go to school until he's through being a baby, and we know, schoolmistress, that he's the happiest baby that ever mangled grammar."

NEVADA JOURNALISM.

The Merits of "Bill Wiggins," and "Col. Wiggins."

The editor of a Nevada journal sees in a rival paper a political announcement which, after careful search, he fails to find in his own sheet. Thereupon he sits down and writes:

"A NICE PILL.—Bill Wiggins is out with an announcement that he is a candidate for Sheriff. Who is Wiggins? A hundred persons have asked us this question within the past few days, and we have taken pains to look up his record. Wiggins is a man who has bummed in this community for the past 10 years, seeking office and finding none. He has bucked like an old mule, stiff-legged, at every ticket he has not been on, and tried to burst every combination that was not made in his interest. He is a political parasite, that the voters of the Town should put their foot on for the last time. He needs a final quietus, and the next——"

Just then Mr. Wiggins entered and laid down five dollars for his announcement, explaining that he had intended to bring it earlier, but it had slipped his mind. He was hardly around the corner before the editor had thrown his article in the waste-basket, and wrote as follows:

"A REPRESENTATIVE MAN.—We are glad to announce the fact that Col. William Wiggins, well and favorably known in these parts, announces himself as a candidate for Sheriff. Mr. Wiggins has always been a consistent man, and never identified with the bolters and sore-heads who have made themselves so odious in the County for the past few years. He has stood by the party in the darkest hours of its history. Mr Wiggins name will be a tower of strength for the ticket, and will lead us to a glorious victory. His name heading the County ticket makes it folly for the opposition to nominate a man to run against him."

The Two Malley Boys.

Hartford Times.

The relationship of Walter and James Malley has been variously misstated. Walter is the son of Edward Malley, of New Haven, who is the owner of the great dry goods establishment of that city, and who is reputed to be worth over $500,000. Walter has a bank account of considerable magnitude in his own name, having inherited a large sum of money from his mother, who died about three years ago. He has been in the employ of his father, nominally as manager of the store. He owns trotting horses, and in comparison with James, whose name is now closely and shamefully associated with that of Jennie Cramer, is as a William H. Vanderbilt, is to the owner of a small store. James Malley's father is in the employ of Walter's father and receives a fair salary. James, jr., was a salesman in Walter's father's store, and was lorded over by Walter. His position respecting his cousin was that of a servant, but Walter, outside of business hours, was disposed to be kind to him. Walter was almost severe in his intercourse with men, and was never spoken of as "a jolly good fellow." James was the opposite of Walter, being inclined to coarse amusements. Edward Malley, 30 years ago, used to have a dry goods establishment in Hartford, and did a large business here, in premises on the east side of Main, above Kinsley street.

AN infallible remedy for Fever and Ague is Ayer's Ague Cure. Wholly vegetable and containing no quinine, it is harmless and sure.

Popular Sciences.

EDITOR'S CABINET.

A scientific and industrial exhibition will be opened next November at Orizaba, under the patronage of Vera Cruz. Information regarding it may be obtained from the Mexican Consul-General in this City.

Ophthalmia is very prevalent in the Russian army in consequence of bad food, bad barrack accommodations, and the want of proper medical skill, and a naturally feeble physique t

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

J. P. L., South Edmeston, N. Y.: Col. Dudley, the Commissioner of Pensions, is from Iowa. We do not know what secret societies he belongs to.

G. H., Hamburgh, Ill.:
What is the population and area of Africa?
The population of Africa is about 270,000,000. The area is 11,360,000 square miles.

A. N., Shannondale, Ind.:
How many electoral votes were cast for the Bell and Everett ticket in 1860?
Kentucky, 12; Tennessee, 12; Virginia, 15; total, 39.

G. T. J., Rochester, Mo.:
What is meant by a port of entry?
A port of entry is a place where a custom house is established for the entry of foreign goods and the payment of custom duties.

H. W. R., Boonville, Mo.: The only way to get a position as fireman on a train is by direct application, unless you have a friend on the road to further your interests. The wages of a fireman vary from $1 50 to $1.75 per day; and of an engineer from $3 15 to $3.75.

T. D. M., Hayesville, Ky.:
What is the Western Reserve, and why so called?
The Western Reserve is in Northeastern Ohio and formerly belonged to the State of Connecticut, being reserved for her soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

S. R. D., Arbuckle, Cal.:
What is meant by the Intransigeants of France?
The Intransigeants are in French politics a branch of the Irreconcilables, who oppose every effort to perfect the change from the monarchy to the republic.

Inquirer, Center Bend, Or.:
What are the periods of revolution of the principal planets?
Mercury completes a revolution around the sun in three months; the earth in 365¼ days; Mars in a little less than two years; Jupiter in about 12 years; Uranus in 84 years; and Neptune in 166½ years.

J. W. A., Wyandot, O.:
What is the Barebones Parliament?
A nickname conferred upon the Parliament convened by Cromwell, July 4, 1653. It was composed of 139 persons who resigned their authority December 12, 1653; and it was so called from a leather seller named Praise-God Barebone, who was one of the principal members.

W. E. G., Moffit's Grove, Ia.:
What was the origin of the phrase "better late than never?"
It originated in 1357 (in the reign of Philip and Mary) with Thomas Tussen, who put it into his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," but it became among the household sayings when put by John Bunyan, the half-inspired tinker, into his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress."

J. S., Williamsburg, Mo.:
Give the directions for preparing and applying the best paint for shingle roof.
Dissolve eight pounds of glue in boiling water, and with this slake a bushel of quick-lime, until it becomes of the usual consistence of paint. Put three coats of this on with a brush, letting each coat thoroughly dry. Over the third dust clean sand through a dredger. This is impervious to weather.

F. F., (no Postoffice):
Has Mrs. Sophronia Smith, relict of J. W. Smith, a legal right to sign her name Mrs. J. W. Smith, and is not the Mrs J. W. Smith at the tail end of a note or check just as good in law as Sophronia Smith would be?
We think Mrs. Smith would have to sign her name Sophronia if she wanted to transact business. Wives do not, in law, take the given names of their husbands.

S. G. R., Barnesville, Minn.:
In what way do night hawks build their nests?
They are too lazy to build nests; in the Middle States they deposit two freckled eggs, about the middle of May, on the bare ground; both sexes assist in incubation, and the female adopts various devices to distract attention from her eggs or young.

R. C. B., Richmond, Vt.:
Who composed the Supreme Court of the United States when the decision in the Dred Scott case was given, and to what party did they belong?
Roger B. Taney, Maryland, Chief Justice; Associate Justices: John McLean, Ohio; John Catron, Tennessee; Robert C. Grier, Pennsylvania; Benjamin R. Curtis, Maryland; James A. Cambell, Alabama. It was a Democratic Court.

D. W. S., Verbeck, Ia.:
Were there ever any attempts made to assassinate Napoleon?
In 1855, during the visit of Napoleon to Marseilles, an infernal machine was discovered in such a position as to leave no doubt that it was intended to end the days of the Emperor. In 1858 one Pianori fired on Napoleon in the Champs Elysees. In 1857 three Italians conspired to assassinate the French Emperor, and in 1858 the Orsini plot occurred. There was another conspiracy by Italians against Napoleon III. in 1862.

A. H. T., Terry Station, Mich.:
What coin was formerly known in this country as a "bit?"
There never was such a coin as a "bit" in the United States. The Spanish coins formerly circulated freely in the South, and one of them, of the value of 12½ cents, was generally known as a "bit." This custom spread throughout the West, and 40 years ago this coin, if the pillars on the face of it were fresh and unworn, was called a "long bit," but if worn smooth it was called a "short bit," and was worth but 10 cents. The American dimes also came to be called "short bits."

Mother, Wallsburg, Tex.:
What is the safest course to pursue where poison has been taken through mistake?
The best thing to do where opium or any of its preparations has been taken, is to empty the stomach as speedy as possible A stomach pump is best. Next to this the quickest emetic. If a drug store is convenient, sulphat of zinc (white vitriol) is the best. But if no regular emetic can be obtained, a strong dose of mustard and water will do it. After all is brought up that can be reached, then drink of strong coffee, dashing cold water on the head, or placing the patient under a shower bath, is best. Anything to prevent the stupor out of which he cannot be waked. After any poisons it is best to evacuate the stomach.

T. S. H., Scottsburg, Ky.:
What is the usual practice in demanding the previous question? Is it necessary to have a second?
If there is nothing in the rules or by-laws directing otherwise, the previous question may be moved by one member and seconded by another. Then the chairman shall say, "Shall the main question be now put?" If a majority vote "yes," then the main question is put; but if a majority vote "nay," then it goes over for that meeting. This is the ordinary practice, but it may be proper to add that if a motion to amend has been made and is pending when the previous question is moved, then the vote is first to be taken on the former, after which the latter is decided.

S. H. A., Fayetteville, Ga.:
What is the evidence that the interior of the earth is at present in a molten or fluid condition?
It is found in the fact that wherever the crust is deeply perforated, as in the case of volcanos, molten matter issues from its interior. It is also proved by the fact that in earthquakes successive portions of the crust of the earth actually bend and roll along in a wave, as they could not if they were solid to the center. The existence of hot springs, like the Geysers of Iceland, and the fact that the earth grows hotter the further we bore into its crust, strongly confirm this view. The increase is about one degree for every 50 to 70 feet. This observation makes it probable that at the depth of 50 to 100 miles all rocks are in a molten condition.

Reader, South Branch, W. Va.:
Can you give some facts about the Government of Nicaragua?
The Government consists of a President, elected for four years, and a Congress of two chambers, Senate and House, the former consisting of 10 and the latter of 11 members. Members of the Senate serve six and of the House four years. The President is assisted by four Ministers, viz.: of Finance; of Foreign Affairs, Agriculture, Commerce and Public Instruction; of War, Public Works and Fine Arts; and of the Interior, Justice and Ecclesiastical Affairs. The judicial power is vested in a Supreme Court, divided into two sections, one of which sits at Leonard, the other at Grenada. There are also a Civil and Criminal Judge in each Department, and in the Towns Alcades and other officers, who have limited judicial powers.

G. M. J., Kalamazoo, Mich.:
What is meant by the "Tontine plan," used in life insurance advertisements? Who originated it?
It was originally a joint stock insurance company, established in 1653 by an Italian—Lorenzo Tonti—from whom it derived its title. It was subsequently patronized by Louis XIV., and soon became the rage in France. At first all were in one class, but subsequently when better organized, the members were divided into classes, according to their ages, and the whole funds of each class annually divided according to the survivors in it till only one remained, who received the whole proceeds, and so on till the extinction of every class. Other changes have since been made in the system, and of late years it has been introduced in this country, but has never become a very popular mode of life insurance.

A. J. H., Winona, Minn.:
Where is the tapir found? What are its characteristics? Has it ever been domesticated?
The tapir roams a solitary, innocuous animal, from the Straits of Magellan to the Isthmus of Darien, amid the dark forests or by the swamps of rivers, for it delights to roll in the mud or to plunge in the water, to which, being an excellent swimmer, it betakes itself in case of danger. It is nocturnal in its habits, passing the day in slumber, and in the night seeking its food, roots, young shoots, buds and wild fruit. It sometimes reaches six feet in hight; has an elongated head, with small eyes and short, rounded ears; a massive body, covered with close, smooth hair of a deep, brown color; the skin is of great density, and so tough as to repel a musket ball. It has prodigious strength. It has been domesticated in Cayenne. The natives esteem its flesh, though coarse and dry, an excellent food.

Guardian, Crete, Neb.:
1. Can the guardian of a minor child of a soldier of the late war secure a homestead for said child? 2. Who would be required to live on such homestead, guardian or orphan, or both? 3. Would the length of time the soldier served in the army be deducted from the time usually required to live on homesteads?
1. Our understanding of the law is that the minor child of a soldier cannot secure a homestead unless the father or mother had first made a settlement on the land; in this case the guardian would act in place of parent and secure a title, for the benefit of the child, after one year's residence and improvement. This, we think, answers all your questions; but our understanding of the law may be erroneous, and you would do well to write to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., and state the case in full.

Ex-soldier, Stillwater, Minn.:
Can you give any idea of the amount of money paid in pensions since 1860?
Following are the annual amounts paid on account of pensions since July 1, 1860:

1861	$ 1,072,461 55
1862	790,384 76
1863	1,005,329 91
1864	4,934,618 92
1865	8,528,153 11
1866	13,450,966 43
1867	18,619,956 46
1868	24,090,661 99
1869	28,422,884 08
1870	27,780,811 81
1871	33,077,883 63
1872	30,159,341 00
1873	29,185,281 03
1874	30,596,749 56
1875	29,683,116 63
1876	28,351,599 59
1877	26,593,175 04
1878	26,844,415 18
1879	33,780,526 19
1880	57,240,543 14
Total	$ 455,718,505 70

D. R. N., St. Joseph, Dak.:
1. Will you please explain the cental system? Has it ever been adopted in this country? 2. How many bushels is a quarter, mentioned in foreign markets?
The "cental" (100 lbs.) was the proposed unit of weight for all breadstuffs and provisions sold in the United States. All grain was to be sold at so much per cental, and all quantities were to be measured in this way, the terms bushel, barrel or boat load thenceforth to be unknown. Various Boards of Trade or Produce Exchanges adopted it, making it imperative as to all the grain transactions at their several places of meeting on and after a given day. The application to meat and provisions was to follow at a subsequent day. A majority vote of the New York Produce Exchange imposed it on its members, although a very strong minority (including all most directly interested) opposed the change. The experiment as to grain lasted two or three days, and the new day in provisions never came. The attempt failed wherever attempted in this country. 2. Eight bushels.

School Girl, Edgerton, Col.:
Why is the 14th of February called St. Valentine's day, and what is the origin of the custom of sending valentines?
It received its name from a Bishop who was decapitated at Rome during the Claudian persecution. Many reasons have been given to account for the way the day is celebrated. It is stated by some that its origin is to be ascribed to a custom associated with a Roman festival, held February 14, on which occasion the names of young women were put into a box, and then the men drew them, in lottery fashion, by the men. This practice continued until it was grafted upon a Christian stem and given a Christian name and the sanction of the church, as many other pagan practices were popularized. The custom of sending valentines is very ancient. It is held by some that the birds select their mates on that day, and other equally pleasant nonsense is related. There remain, however, traces of this custom among the observances of the people of Northern Europe before the introduction of Christianity among them. The day is observed in commemoration of the good Saint Valentine, whose loving and charitable disposition may be remembered as appropriately in this happy manner as in any other.

W. R., Glen Haven, Mich.:
Please give statistics of the iron and steel production of the United States for 1880 as compared with 1870.
The total production of the iron and steel works of the United States in the census of 1880 was 7,265,142 tons; in 1870 it was 3,655,215 tons; increase, 3,609,925 tons, or 98.76 per cent. Of the pig iron and furnace castings produced in the census year, 1880, there were produced with cold blast charcoal 79,613 tons; with hot-blast charcoal, 855,405 tons; with anthracite, 1,112,735 tons; with bituminous coal and coke, 1,515,107 tons, and with mixed anthracite and coke, 713,592 tons. The furnace castings amounted to 4 220 tons. The total production was 3,781,021 tons, of which 12,875 tons were spiegeleisen. In the following table is presented a comparative statement of iron rolling mill products in the census years 1870 and 1880:

Kinds of iron.	1870. Net tons	1880. Net tons
Bar iron	458,814	663,911
Rod-iron	96,787	145,616
All kinds of plate-iron	284,702	437,189
Sheet-iron	14,753	34,042
Iron rails	521,905	436,072
Skelp iron	2,217	145,321
Muck bar made for sale to other works	33,631	61,403
Other products	.....	352,573
Total	1,411,809	2,351,246

The item of muck bar is an unavoidable duplication, as it undoubtedly reappears as finished iron, to be counted a second time.

S. G. M., Columbus, Ind.:
What is soda made of, and how is it manufactured?
The soda of commerce is a carbonate of soda, and is made from sea salt. Soda occurs in two forms—soda ash and in crystals; the first is the crude soda before crystallization. To make soda, oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) is poured by degrees on a layer of sea-salt, in a sort of funnel connected with a tall chimney; on the addition of the vitriol copious fumes of the hydro-chloric acid are given off; when the furnace is heated and all the acid driven off, and the dried residue taken out, which is sulphate of soda. This sulphate, when taken from the furnace and cooled, is next ground in a mill, with rather more than its weight of chalk, and about half its weight of coal. This mixture is placed in a furnace and raised to a sufficient heat to partly fuse it, during which time it is stirred about; the black mass which results is called by the workmen "black ball." It is taken out and put into a cistern; water is then poured over it, and after stirring it is drained off and evaporated into a dry mass; this is impure soda. It is mixed with coal dust, again burnt, again washed and evaporated. By this second process the soda-ash is produced, which, being dissolved, filtered and evaporated, produces large crystals of soda. Some years ago soda was got from the ashes of a plant called "sasola soda," and sold in the form of an impure carbonate called barilla.

S. M., Rolling Prairie, Wis.:
I have never seen a list showing the number of members of the Legislature of each State. Will you publish such a table?
The following table will give you the desired information:

	Senate.	House.
Alabama	33	100
Arkansas	31	93
California	40	80
Colorado	26	49
Connecticut	21	246
Delaware	9	21
Florida	21	53
Georgia	44	168
Illinois	51	153
Indiana	50	100
Iowa	50	100
Kansas	40	125
Kentucky	38	100
Louisiana	36	125
Maine	34	151
Maryland	26	84
Massachusetts	40	240
Michigan	32	100
Minnesota	22	47
Mississippi	33	107
Missouri	34	143
Nebraska	30	84
Nevada	25	50
New Hampshire	12	379
New Jersey	21	60
New York	32	128
North Carolina	50	120
Ohio	37	111
Oregon	30	60
Pennsylvania	50	201
Rhode Island	36	79
South Carolina	33	124
Tennessee	25	75
Texas	31	93
Vermont	30	242
Virginia	44	139
West Virginia	25	65
Wisconsin	33	100

S. T. G., Nutler Farm, W. Va.:
Will you state the pay army officers receive, from General down to Major?
General, $13,500; Lieutenant General, $11,000; Major General $7,500; Brigadier General, $5,500; Colonel, $3,500; Lieutenant Colonel, $3,000; Major, $2,500. There is 10 per cent. increase in the pay of officers below Brigadier General after five years' service, 20 per cent. after 10 years, 30 per cent. after 15 years, and 40 per cent. after 20 years. By act of June 8, 1878, all allowance or commutation for fuel was prohibited, but wood is furnished at $3 per cord, out of the pay of officers. Forage is furnished only in kind, and only to officers actually in the field or west of the Mississippi, on the basis of five horses for the General, four for Lieutenant General, three for Major General or Brigadier General, and two each for Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, mounted Captain, Lieutenant, Adjutant, and Regimental Quartermaster. Quarters are furnished on the following basis: General, (commutation for quarters) $125 per month; Lieutenant General, $70 per month; Major General, six rooms; Brigadier General or Colonel, five rooms; Lieutenant Colonel or Major, four rooms—all of which may be commuted at $10 per room per month. The law provides that no allowance shall be made to officers in addition to their pay, except forage, and quarters furnished in kind. Mileage at the rate of eight cents per mile is allowed for travel under orders. It may be interesting to state that the pay of privates runs from $13 a month and rations for the first two years to $21 a month after 20 years' service.

T. R. J., Red Cloud, Neb.:
Will you give the rule by which the age of the horse is determined?
The age of the horse in his ascending phase of life is known chiefly by the growth and appearance of the teeth, and more especially of incisors, commonly called nippers. In each jaw of the horse there are six of these nippers, broad, thin, and trenchant in the foal; while in the adult animal the crowns become flat, and marked in the center with a hollow disk. The foal or milk teeth appear about 15 days after birth; at 2½ years of age the middle pair drop and are replaced by the corresponding pair of permanent teeth; at 3½ years the two next, one on each side, are likewise replaced; at 4½ years the two external nippers or excisors drop and make room for the corresponding pair of permanent teeth. All these permanent nippers are flattened on the crown or upper surface, and marked in the center with a circular hollow pit; this pit is gradually effaced, as the tooth wears slowly down to a level with the bottom. By the degree of this detrition, or wearing of the teeth, the age of the animal is determined up to the eighth year, when the marks are generally quite effaced. The external pair of nippers, however, appearing a year or two after the intermediate pair, preserve their original form proportionately later. The age of the horse may still be determined for a few years after the eighth year by the appearance and comparative length of the canine teeth, or tushes; these, however, are sometimes wanting, particularly in the lower jaw, and in mares they are rarely developed at all. The tushes of the under jaw appear at the age of 3½ years, and those of the upper jaw at four. They are sharp pointed until the age of six, and at 10 become blunt and long. After this period there are no certain means of determining the age of the horse, but some conjecture may be made from the comparative size, bluntness and discolored appearance of the tushes.

G. C. B., Fletcher, Vt.:
1. Please give some facts about Germany, its rulers, etc. 2. Also about Gambetta.
1. The Constitution of the Empire was adopted in 1871. By its terms all the States of Germany "form an eternal union for the protection of the realm and the care of the welfare of the German people." The supreme direction of the military and political affairs of the Empire is vested in the King of Prussia, who, as such bears the title of Deutcher Kaiser. To declare war, if not merely defensive, the Kaiser must have the consent of the Bundesrath, or Federal Council, in which body, together with the Reichstag, or Diet of the Realm, are vested the legislative functions of the Empire. The Bundesrath (59 members) represent the individual States of Germany, and are appointed by the separate governments for each session; while the members of the Reichstag, 397 in number, are elected by universal suffrage and ballot for the term of three years. Education is general and compulsory. Fourteen of the 21 universities are Protestant; four are Roman Catholic; the remaining three are mixed. Every German capable of bearing arms has to be in the standing army for seven years—as a rule from the finished 20th till the commencing 28th year. Three years must be spent in active service, and the remaining four in the army of the reserve. After quitting the army of the reserve he has to form part of the Landwehr for another five years. The Sovereigns of the principal States have the right to select the lower grades of officers; but the approval of the Kaiser must be obtained to all appointments. The strength of the army on a peace footing is 18,479 officers, 400,925 rank and file, 97,389 horses, and 1,200 guns. On a war footing it is 31,195 officers, 1,273,846 rank and file, 281,454 horses, and 2,700 guns Germany can, without drawing upon the last reserves, place in the field at any time 2,500,000 armed men. The navy consists of about 25 iron clads, 60 other steamers and five sailing vessels. Since the creation of the Imperial dignity by Charlemagne, crowned Kaiser at Rome, on Christmas day in the year 800, there have been 58 Emperors. 2. Gambetta is of Genoese-Jewish descent, born in Cahors October 30, 1838; studied law, and first took his seat as Deputy in 1870. On the news of the surrender of Napoleon at Sedan he proposed to depose the imperial dynasty, and was among the first to proclaim the Republic, and became Minister of the Interior in the Provisional Government of National Defense. When Paris was invested by the Germans he escaped in a balloon to join his colleagues at Tours. He made great efforts to raise the siege of Paris, taking upon himself the management of the Interior, War and Finance Departments. He issued a decree at Bordeaux (1871) disfranchising all functionaries and declaring his determination to continue the war to the last. His decree was declared null and void by his colleagues in Paris, and he finally tendered his resignation, which only increased his popularity with the masses of the people. In the first election he was chosen Deputy by 10 Departments. He has been in public life ever since, and never seems satisfied unless he is stirring up discord somewhere. It may be said of him, however, that he usually has the support of a majority of his constituents, and has recently been endorsed in a very close political contest.

Information Wanted.

M. D. S., Dunbar, Neb., wants the address of W. G. R. Favis, supposed to be in Ohio.

J. P. Lloyd, South Edmeston, N. Y., wants the address of Capt. R. E. A. Crofton, Capt Barry and Capt. Biddle, 16th U. S. Inf.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Will Philo Hayes, of Miles City, give his full postoffice address, and the matter in reference to check No. 785 will be looked up.

Letter containing 80 cents, signed by W. M Barrow, P. M., to pay for BLADE for Reding Sutherland, no postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing 75c, dated Marysville, no County or State, to pay for BLADE for Jac. Ort, signed G. W. Kridler.

INFORMATION.

How Mines are Worked.

Laramie Boomerang.

"I wish you would tell me about the way men get gold and silver out of a mine, my dear," said a lady in East Laramie, the other evening, to her husband, and he peeled off his coat and sat down in three chairs for the evening.

"Well, what kind of mine do you wish to hear about; gold or silver, quartz or placer, deposit or refined lead?"

"Well, all of them briefly. I want to know whether they scrape off the gold from the under side of the ground, and wash the dirt off in the creek, or how it is."

"Well, they don't scrape off the under side of the ground exactly. There you are in error. In placer mining they have to collect the dust, and pan it out with a gold pan."

"Oh! they have to use a gold pan, do they? That must be what makes mining so expensive. Does the pan have to be solid gold?"

"No. It isn't made of gold; it is simply to pan gold, hence the name. In quartz mining the prospector finds first the float, and, tracing it to the lead, he begins to dig for the purpose of ascertaining how extensive it is and what it will assay."

"Oh, that is it. I thought they first bored into the ground with a pay streak until they found the shaft, and then they drifted for the assessment, and when they found that, they just put a blast in the indications and salted the dump. Now, it seems that you don't do that way. You follow up the mica-ious slate till you strike the biss fold. Then you see if you can find a color that matches with the copper stained trilobites that you prospect, and you—"

"No, I must stop you there; you are getting a little off the vein. You probably have the right idea, but you are using terms that are not correct. After they get the wall of the rock on the dump and pinch out the night shift, they salt the contract and blast the vertical chilblain. Then they drift for the blossom rock, baled hay and poverty, till they strike the varicose vein. After that it is a short job to put on the biss folds and sample the stockholders. Where the bituminous duplex bisects the brocaded porphyry and scallops the gouge with cross eyed shirrings and bicarbonate of bilious colic interlaced with moire antique wads of gray copper and free milling cryspidlas. It is not always the case, however, for indirectly or inversely, perhaps more, or sometimes less, as the case may be, and still we might or might not, and also beside, if not always, as already described, perhaps, yet I wouldn't be positive of anything which might be doubtful."

The be laughed a cold, hard laugh and went to bed. If husbands would always explain these things to their wives how much pleasanter our homes would be.

The *Boston Globe* brings this item: Chas. S. Strickland, esq., this City, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Reason why Women Will Not Make First Class Engravers.

One reason why women do not succeed as well as men is thus tersely stated by a wood engraver of New York, who had been asked for his experience in the matter: "I have employed women very often, and I wish that I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that when a young man comes to me and begins work he feels that it is a life business. He is to cut his fortune out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness and all are to be carved out by his own hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labor, determined to master it, and with every incident spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably marry by and by, and then she must give up wood engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she does not feel that all her happiness depends on it. She will marry, and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so; but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."

The Regular Thing.

Boston Transcript.

Said the reporter, entering the store of Smith, Smithson & Co., "I understand that Mr Smith is dead, and I have come down to get a few points for a notice in the *Daily Lubricator*." The shopman gives birthplace, age, and a few other facts. "Was there anything of public interest about the deceased?" asked the reporter. "No," was the reply, "nothing that I think of. It is hardly worth mentioning, perhaps, that Mr. Smith was the oldest Mason, one of the original Free Soilers, and the man who first mentioned Gen. Garfield in connection with the Presidency." "Oh, I've got that all down," said the reporter. "We put that in all our death notices now; but is there anything of special interest? No? Good morning, sir."

Onions and Gravy.

Texas Siftings.

A rather seedy looking customer came into a restaurant, and said to the proprietor:

"What do you ask for nice'y cooked beefsteak, well done, with onions?"

"Twenty five cents."

"And the gravy?"

"Oh, we don't charge anything for the gravy."

"You don't? That's liberal. How much do you charge for the bread?"

"We throw in the bread."

"Is it good bread?"

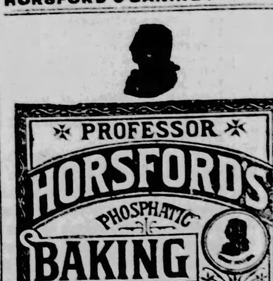
"It is."

"So you throw in bread and gravy?"

"Certainly."

"Then bring me some bread and gravy. It's not healthy to eat meat in Summer."

HORSFORD'S BAKING POWDER



Made from Professor Horsfords' Acid Phosphate.
Recommended by leading physicians.
Makes lighter biscuit, cakes, etc., and is healthier than ordinary Baking Powder.
In cans. Sold at a reasonable price.
The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
A. D. ELMER, Agent, 113 Fairmount St. Cleveland, O.

MILLIONS IN IT.

A Tramp's Rapid Translation Into a Millionaire.

Pittsburg Telegraph.

Jacob Winters, this State, and Catherine B. Kernstein, of Wheeling, have become heirs to a fabulous fortune by the death of their brother in New Mexico. The name of the deceased was John Valtine Winters who at the time of his death owned a half interest in the Homestake Mine of New Mexico. Ex-Gov. Jacob, of West Virginia is interested in behalf of Mrs. Kernstein. The story of the finding of the bonanza is thus told by the Wheeling Register of this morning: Mr. John V. Winters and his partner, Jas. Dolan, were out on a prospecting tour in Southern New Mexico, late in the Summer of 1879, and were meeting with indifferent success when their attention was turned toward Lincoln County by the reports they heard of a Mexican who had found a nugget of gold in the neighborhood of where White Oaks now stands stands. They went to the locality and commenced work upon a placer. Shortly after going into their 'diggings,' a 'strapped' miner named Wilson came along from Arizona. Wilson was hard pressed for a grub stake, so Winters took him in and gave him work in the placers. They could not afford to employ him on a salary, and after remaining in camp three days Wilson took a grub stake and started up Baxter canyon. Sitting on a boulder to rest he chipped off a corner of the rock and found 'color.' He concluded that there must be a good lode somewhere in the vicinity, and commenced to search for an outcrop up the mountain side. He had traveled but 20 yards when he found the enchanted spot, and located the famous Homestake claim. He went back to camp and reported his find, offering it for sale All the wealth that Winters had was $40 worth of washings and three silver dollars. With this and a pistol the Homestake was secured, and the interest divided with Dolan and a merchant of Lincoln, named Le Rue, who had grub-staked the placer miners before Wilson appeared on the scene. The purchaser of the Homestake commenced the work of development immediately, and at a depth of four feet from the surface found gold standing out to the naked eye. At a depth of eight feet five assays have been made, giving the astonishing average of $40,000 per ton. The mine is now down some 12 feet, and one is being placed on the dump awaiting treatment when the stamp mills arrive. Still the wealth of the Homestake is not wholly known, and it is thought that millions will be taken out before the shaft reaches the depth where most gold mines show signs Wilson owns the south half of the mine still, and has become a millionaire, where but a few months ago he was a tramp prospector."

Diamonds Almost Given Away.

We have heard of a great many splendid bargains in our time, and have often sighed with envy when we have read of the doings of Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and Daniel Drew, but they are completely put in the shade by the splendid offers made by the **Household and Farm**, in an advertisement in another column, headed "Sparkling with Fire!" They actually offer solid gold and French Diamond Jewelry at lower prices than any Jeweler can sell them simply to push their paper. Truly this is a progressive age. Who would have dreamed of such things ten years ago? We cheerfully recommend our readers to study their advertisement, and show it to their friends as a specimen of American enterprise and wonderful bargains.

New Cure for Toothache.

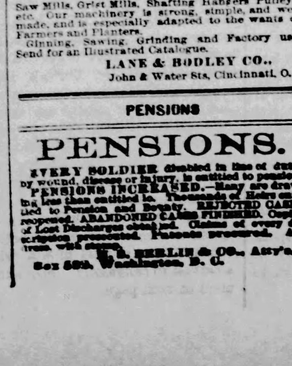
New Haven Register.

A New Haven woman learning that nitro-glycerine was a new medicine for toothache induced her husband to bring home a small can of it in his vest pocket. Just the moment he put the can opener to it to get a few drops to put in the aching tooth there was a slight sizzling noise, a hole in the roof of the house and two individuals running about the room without a hair left on their heads and their clothing in shreds. However, the tooth stopped aching.

WARRANTED the greatest pain reliever in the world, Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. Thirty-four years established, and never failed to cure croup, spasms, colic, chronic rheumatism, old sores, and pain in the limbs, back and chest. Over 500 physicians recommend it, and 1,000 certificates can be seen at the depot, 42 Murray street. No one has once tried it but continues to use it and recommend it to their friends. Ladies will find this Liniment will immediately eradicate Pimples, Freckles and Blotches. Also restores Gray Hair to its natural color, and perfectly harmless. 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by the druggists

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race

Yours truly Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst forms of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. "GO

MACHINERY.

LANE & BODLEY CO.

CINCINNATI.

MANUFACTURERS OF STANDARD

PLANTATION

MACHINERY,

Stationary and Portable

STEAM ENGINES,

Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Shafting Hangers Pulleys, etc. Our machinery is strong, simple, and well made, and is especially adapted to the wants of Farmers and Planters.

Ginning, Sawing, Grinding and Factory use. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue.

LANE & BODLEY CO.,
John & Water Sts, Cincinnati, O.

PENSIONS

PENSIONS.

EVERY SOLDIER disabled in line of duty by wound, disease or injury, is entitled to pension. PENSIONS INCREASED.—Many now drawing less than entitled to. Thousands of Heirs entitled to Pension and Bounty. EXECUTED CASES reopened. ABANDONED Claims PUSHED. Copies of Lost Discharges obtained. Claims of every description prosecuted. Patents procured. All from WM. H. H. BERLIN & CO., Att'ys. Box 589, Washington, D. C.

DR. BENSON'S PILLS.

DR. C. W. BENSON, OF BALTIMORE, MD.

We give above a correct likeness of this well known and successful physician and surgeon, who has made a life long study of Nervous Diseases and the Diseases of the Skin, and he now stands in the highest rank, as authority on those special and distressing diseases. In the course of his practice he discovered what now are renowned in medical practice, viz.: a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large, and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a SURE CURE for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and nervousness, and will CURE any case.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1, per package

DR. BENSON'S NEW REMEDY AND FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.

KIDNEY WORT.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. Its mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, and gives immediate relief in all cases.

It Cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equ

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs
D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, SEPT. 15.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of 10 and over, $1.65 each.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends, or as many different Postoffices, to whom we will send copies free and postage paid. Send for our Special Instructions to Agents. Address THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

NASBY IN EUROPE,

May 16th, Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe for the purpose of contributing a series of letters to the TOLEDO BLADE. Those letters will cover a period of six months, commencing June 1st.

They will be written in Mr. Nasby's peculiar vein, and will be as lively as he can make them. The TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is the LARGEST Political and Family paper in the United States, and in addition to this feature, contains a dozen others, known to and approved by a majority of the families in every State and Territory.

TERMS:

For Three Months, post-paid..... 50 cts.
For Six Months..... $1.00

NASBY PORTRAIT FREE

Every subscriber to the BLADE during the publication of Mr. Locke's European Letters, for either three or six months, will receive free of charge a splendid

PORTRAIT OF D. R. LOCKE,

in size and style similar to the one of President Garfield which we issued last Summer. This portrait in the picture stores would sell for 50c. It will not be put upon the market at all, and can only be had by subscribers to THE BLADE.

Those desiring these letters complete and the portrait will do well to send their orders early. We shall print an extra edition, to be able to send back numbers, but the supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month. Send your orders immediately.

Specimen Copies of THE BLADE mailed to any address upon application. Send your subscription direct. Address,

BLADE CO., Toledo, O.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE:
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—Nasby in Erie.
" 5-6-7—More Pangs and Fears—Miscellany.
" 8—The Oil Operator.

SECOND PAGE:
Column 1—Miscellany.
" 2-3—The Old School House (poetry)—Miscellany.
" 4-5-6—Enterprising Ladies—Miscellany.
" 7-8—Popular Science.

THIRD PAGE:
Columns 1-2-3-4—Answers to Correspondents.
" 4—Delayed Subscriptions.
" 4—Miscellany.
" 5-6-7-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE:
Column 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Review of the Week.
" 3-4-5-6-7—Editorials on Leading Topics.
" 8—Current Events.

FIFTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3—Letter from Buckeye—A Texas Tale.
" 4-5—Diagram of the President's Cottage at Long Branch.
" 4-5-6—The Michigan Fires.
" 7-8—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3-4-5-6—The Household.
" 6—The President's Trip.
" 7-8—Our Young Folks.

SEVENTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—The Farm.
" 3—The Sunday School.
" 4—Train Robbers—Telegraphic News.
" 6—Political Points—Telegraphic News.
" 7-8—Suggestions in Time.
" 8—The Religious—Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—Telegraphic Condensations.
" 3—The President Growing Stronger.
" 4-5—Telegraphic News.
" 6-7-8—Telegraphic Markets.

Circulation this Week, 83,000.

THE PARISIAN GAMIN.

This week Mr. LOCKE takes up the Parisian street Arab, and dissects and analyzes that wonderful product of French society carefully and tenderly. He gives us a picture of him that DICKENS might have drawn—with all his genial, captivating qualities carefully outlined on a background of need and poverty borne cheerfully and jauntily to the end. Then comes an instructive comparison with the same class of Ishmaelites in London and New York, making altogether a letter as fascinating as it is instructive.

NEW SOUTH WALES is trying to pass a bill to restrict Chinese immigration.

SUNSTROKES in New York and two feet of snow in the Black Hills. What sort of behavior is this for September?

EVERY reader of the BLADE should have the "Nasby Pamphlets." We mail them postpaid, three different titles, for 30 cents. See announcement on next page.

THERE is as much of an epidemic of murder in Paris as here. The Monday papers report more cases in that one City alone than in the whole United States that day.

THE fees of the Health Officer of New York City amount to $75,000 a year. Besides this he has an elegant cottage at public expense and two steam yachts constantly at his service.

PROBABLY the President concluded his bedroom was too small while the six surgeons were gathered around watching the dressing of his wound. Doubtless it seems large enough now.

AT last the Canadians are doing something worthy of our imitation. In the future rascals convicted of assaults upon women will, in addition to imprisonment, be flogged every 10 days while the imprisonment lasts.

DELMONICO pays his present head cook $4,000 a year. His predecessor got $6,000. The assistant cooks get from $15 to $30 a week. The head waiter gets $1,500 a year, with board and lodging, the table waiters $30 a month, and make $60 more in fees.

THE British flag that for a "thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze," is to be seen no more on the field of carnage. The Commander-in-Chief has decided that it is useless, and costly in life, hereafter it will be carried in the rear with the reserve ammunition, etc.

THE Nation will be grieved and astonished at the news received Tuesday of the sudden death of Gen. AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, United States Senator from Rhode Island. Gen. BURNSIDE was for a long time Commander of the Ninth Army Corps, and fought with it in most of the battles of the Army of the Potomac. He succeeded Gen. MCCLELLAN in command of the Army of the Potomac, and sustained the fearful defeat of Fredericksburg. He was subsequently put in command of the Army of the Ohio, and with it recovered East Tennessee, and defeated LONGSTREET before Knoxville. He was a good soldier, brave and thoroughly loyal, but a very mediocre General. He hardly rose to the grade of a good corps commander, and was clearly overstrained by the command of an army.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE removal of the President to Long Branch seems to have been a wise move. The day after his arrival was the hottest one of the season, and he was correspondingly depressed by it, but since that the weather has been more favorable, and there have been most gratifying indications of improvement. There has been enough of these to justify strong hopes of ultimate recovery, were it not that the febrile rise still continues, and, worse yet, there are unmistakable symptoms of a grave complication of the lungs. The extent of this new development is not yet apparent, and its progress will be watched with painful interest.

DR. BLISS speaks of it as "bronchial congestion," DR. BOYNTON as an "abscess," and he fears pyæmia. It is said that mucus "mixed with a little pus" has been raised from the lungs by the racking cough which the President has suffered from for some time. Until the nature of this new trouble is accurately ascertained, nothing can be predicted or even guessed at, and we must content ourselves with saying to our readers that there is some more basis for hope than at our last issue.

THE circumstances attending the removal made it in some ways one of the most pathetic incidents of recent history. It was probably watched from near and far with more sympathy and anxiety than have ever followed a sick man's carriage. The great crowds which assembled to see the train pass were impressive by their very silence and decorum, and almost as impressive were the minute and skilful provisions for the President's safety and comfort which the railroad company was able to make. No sovereign has ever had more, we might say has had so much, done for him, or has ever had such material resources to draw on for protection against all harm and all incommodity. More than this, no sovereign has ever, when surrounded by loyal precautions, had such assurance as Pres GARFIELD must have had, that the whole people demanded all that was done for him, demanded all that could be done for him, and would not have been content with anything less. In fact, the journey was a thing to be remembered as a sign that in the coming world elected rulers are to have a very efficient and satisfactory substitute for the old loyalty; that "most votes" will, in short, surround a Chief Magistrate with as much respect and devotion as descent has ever done.

THE latest tidings from the scene of the forest fires in Michigan give hope that the worst is over. There has been sufficient rain to quench most of the fires, though not enough to revive such vegetation as was spared by the flames. The popular confusion and distress are such that it is difficult to obtain exact details of the losses of life and property. Local returns are coming in, however, which make a ghastly showing. Two hundred and fifteen families have been burned out, and 33 persons are known to be dead in seven Towns in Sanilac County. In one group of six Towns, 65 burials are reported. Twenty-seven dead bodies have been found in a stretch of country where the fire raged with great fierceness. The account given of the plight of the survivors is pitiable. They are described as sitting about the ruins of their homes, suffering in many cases from burns, and apparently without hope, and in some cases without even apprehension of their surroundings. As has been already said, they are almost without exception poor people who were in the midst of their first struggle to establish homes. The work of relief is going on actively, but is far beyond the capacity of a single State.

LAST Friday occured at Dantzic the meeting of the Emperor WILLIAM, of Germany, and the Emperor ALEXANDER, of Russia. It took place in the harbor on board the yacht "Hohenzollera," in which the former attended by the Prince Imperial and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, and followed by Prince BISMARCK, had embarked. The Czar came from his own yacht "Desjara" in which he had arrived at Dantzic. The significance of this imperial meeting is supposed to be a closer union between Germany and Russia. Late events had led to the belief that a coldness was growing up between the two Governments, but the event of Friday will put this to flight. The interview lasted about two hours, and when it was over the Emperors proceeded to Dantzic where they dined together. The Czar was much pleased with the enthusiasm with which he was greeted. The meeting is thought to augur well for the peace of Europe.

A MUTINY has broken out in Egypt which seriously threatens the continuance of the present Khedive in power. Troops to the number of 4,000 and with 30 pieces of artillery surrounded the Khedive's palace and demanded the dismissal of all his ministers, the assembling of the Notables, the increase of the army to 18,000 men, and the forming of a constitution. The Khedive accepted their demand and appointed SHERIF Pasha, President of the Council. The insurgents are under the command of ALABY BEY. He claims that he is backed by a force of 15,000 Egyptian troops, and 150,000 armed Bedouins. He has also six Krupp guns. The Khedive's yielding to the demand of the rebels has not seemed to bring order out of the confusion, however. The situation yet is one of anarchy, and unless foreign powers interfere his reign will soon be over. Foreign residents feel but little alarm.

AFFAIRS in Peru are still in an extremely unsettled condition. A peace has not yet been concluded, although the terms have lately been discussed. The Peruvian Congress is adverse to the cession of territory, but the Chileans have possession of the most valuable part of the country and will not be likely to yield it up without a struggle.

AN interesting occurrence in England during the week is the assembling of the Ecumenical Methodist Conference in London, at which 400 delegates represent the Methodist Church all over the world. The opening address was made by the venerable Bishop SIMPSON, of the United States. The Conference is to continue two weeks, and its sessions will all be full of interest. They take place in the edifice built by WESLEY, the great founder of the Church.

LANDWARRANTS FOR SOLDIERS.

It is now but little over two months until Congress meets, and it is not at all too soon to begin the earnest discussion of measures which should be pressed upon the consideration of that body during its coming session.

The one which all who are grateful to those whose patriotism and valor suppressed the Rebellion and saved the country desire to see the main work of this Winter is that of granting to the honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the late war tracts of land in proportion to the length of their services.

Some measure like this is but simple just ce to the men who bore the heat and burden of the great war, and drew the sting from the legions of the Rebellion.

Every tolerably well informed man knows that the men who did the major part of the hard work of crushing the Rebellion were the ones who fared the worst in the matter of pay and bounties. Those who enlisted for three years between June, 1861, and October, 1863, were those who fought at Shiloh, Corinth, Stone River, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, the Peninsula, Second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the whole long list of the tremendous battles of 1861-2-3. They also formed a very large proportion of the Armies which GRANT led against Richmond, and SHERMAN against Atlanta, yet they received but $100 bounty, and $13 a month pay, where those that came in at the eleventh hour,—in 1864-5,—received $300 Government bounty, and from $200 to $1,500 local bounty, and $16 a month pay. It was the old story of the laborers in the vineyard,—the ones who came in last fared better than those who had worked all day.

The gross injustice of this was apparent to everybody, and from time to time there was a talk of "equalizing the bounties." But the amount of the debt already incurred by the war seemed so frightful, and so earnest were all patriotic men for its speedy reduction, that the old soldiers and their friends waived all claims to be put on a footing with their more fortunate comrades, and said but little about the equalization of bounties.

But now the Nation has reached a position where it can amply afford to be just and even generous toward those who did so much for it. It is no longer the exhausted country, trembling on the verge of bankruptcy, and threatened with submergence under an ocean of irredeemable paper currency, as it was in 1865. It is the wealthiest and most powerful Nation on the face of the globe. It is now where it can and should show some disposition to liquidate part of the debt of honor it incurred in 1864-5.

But it is not asked of it that it open its treasury vaults and pour out the gold hoarded there. All that is wanted of it is to treat the soldiers of the last war as it did those of previous wars, and give each of them a homestead out of its domain.

What should be done this Winter is to pass a law giving to every honorably discharged soldier and sailor of the late war a tract of land at the rate of say 40 acres for every year that the grantee served. This would make quite a handsome farm for a man who served his full three years term, and would give even the one-year man enough to live upon. Above all, it would make a proper distinction between the men who served long and short terms.

The grant should be made absolute; no land warrants, to be gobbled up by speculating sharps; no irritating provisions about residence on the land being necessary to perfect the title. The only provision should be that the land could not pass out of the grantee's hands during his life time, and possibly that of his widow.

Let it be so provided that after a soldier proves his claims he will draw by lot this portion of land in the public domain, which is then and there deeded to him, and remains his forever. If he chooses to go out and settle upon it next year, all right; if not for 10 years, all right; if he prefers to leave it for his children to occupy and improve, still all right.

This portion of land would be a provision for his old age, and a refuge for him to which he will continually look forward. It would undoubtedly save the value of the land to the Government in pensions, for there are very many men in the Eastern part of the country, who, if they should come into possession of a little farm like that would shape their affairs so as to go out and settle upon it, and spend their declining years there in peace and comfort.

It would be a most effective means of peopling the far West with a desirable class of citizens, and probably it would settle the Indian problem in very short order. To induce 100,000 old soldiers to move out into the Indian country with their families, would be to bring a weight to bear upon the savages that they could not successfully resist.

The passage of such a bill can be accomplished if the old soldiers will set themselves to work for that end. All that is required is that this class in every Congressional District shall urite in impressing upon their member of Congress the fact that they desire such a bill passed, and the thing will be done.

BUSINESS morals become more incomprehensible every day to the outsider. An Illinois Judge has decided that a merchant may lie in selling his goods, and yet commit no offense. If he warrants them to wash it is no warranty, and the buyer has no recourse. We trust that this Judge does not represent the present state of either legal opinion or mercantile practice. Otherwise we would be rapidly tending to such general mendacity and deceptiveness as disgrace the Chinese, and all very old Nations.

THE Prince of Wales though he is now 40 years old, and has had but little to do in all these years but cultivate his mind, makes such awkward speeches that even the London papers make a subdued sort of fun of them. His eldest son—now 18 years old—does not promise to have any more brains than his father. A reception was given to this Prince ALBERT VICTOR, and his brother, at Ballarat, and when it came time for him to respond he read from a paper the following, which had been prepared by his tutor:

My brother and myself thank you and the citizens of Ballarat for the hearty welcome given us to-day in token of your loyalty to the Queen.

The Austrian papers do not speak highly of this indication that a boy of 18 has not mind and memory enough to commit three lines of print.

THE PRESIDENT'S PHYSICIANS.

The peremptory dismissal of three of the President's physicians by his own order confirms what the BLADE has affirmed in regard to the *personelle* of the medical staff in attendance. Not one of them, save Drs. AGNEW and HAMILTON, should have ever been permitted in the case under any pretext. We find fault with the entire medical profession of the country that it did not assert itself at the first, and insist that a case of such vast importance should be put under the care of the first medical talent of the Nation. It not only owed this to the country, but it owed it to itself and its own professional reputation. The whole profession is now on trial before the scientific men of the world, and the President's death or recovery will be the signal for such a searching criticism of medical methods and ethics as no profession ever endured before. This was to be expected from the start, and our physicians should have put themselves in shape to endure it, by the selection of their ablest representatives for the management of the most important surgical case of recent centuries. Indeed, it is safe to say, that there has not been, in the history of the world, another instance where an exhibition of the processes of the healing art has been made to an audience so extensive and so deeply interested.

But instead of the greatest names in American medicine representing their science by the bedside of the stricken President, we have a "smart," showy, self-pushing courtier of a fellow, who years ago abandoned the severe labor of developing his medical knowledge, for the more congenial study of the arts of personal advancement by

Crocking the pregnant hinges of the knee
That thrift may follow fawning.

after the way peculiar to Washington atmosphere. He thrust himself into the case, and immediately began trying to harvest all the reputation possible out of it. He excluded all possible rivals, and only admitted a set of sycophants, who were not only sycophants to power but also sycophants to him. Later the pressure of opinion made him call in Drs. AGNEW and HAMILTON, who are the only ones connected with the case in whom any one has confidence.

The story is that the President himself became so wearied with having such men as BARNES, WOODWARD and REYBURN around his bed that he would have them sent off without ceremony. But they, with a lack of self-respect which would be impossible in a true physician, and which tells eloquently of the dirt-eating they must have done through life to get to their present position, begged and pleaded to be allowed to remain, and to go to Long Branch, on the score of the importance of this to their professional reputations. But having gotten to Long Branch they are resisting their dismissal, and WOODWARD demands to be retained on the ground that he is the historian of the case, and should be retained until the history is completed. The report was yesterday that this claim was being considered. Taken altogether it is an ambition of which the medical profession of the Nation has little reason to be proud.

PURE MILK SUPPLY.

The excessive mortality among children in the Summer in all large Cities, and particularly in New York the present season, has attracted a great deal of attention to the milk supply, which is found to be in the highest degree deleterious in quality. Besides the adulteration made for the purpose of increasing the profits, is the physical condition of the cows, induced by their wretched food and their still more wretched surroundings. Unhealthy animals cannot produce healthy milk, and whoever drinks such will not fail to suffer. Especially will delicate little children be affected, and disease and death follow each other very rapidly, induced by what should have given health and strength.

Germany has done some stringent legislation to guard against this evil. Police inspection has been established in the Towns and Cities, and if the milk is found impure it is confiscated. While this diminishes the evil, it does not entirely eradicate it, any more than it has in New York, nor could it, unless means were taken to prevent the selling of milk from diseased cows. The means has been found at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The Milchkur-Anstalten is an institution established under the auspices of the Medical Association of that City, and is managed by three physicians, one veterinary surgeon and one chemist. Its cows are all of a breed which are known to be among the healthiest. They are kept in stalls and fed the year around with dry food of excellent quality and unvarying quantity. Great attention is paid to the cleanliness of their hides, their surroundings, and ventilation of their stables. Perfect regularity is observed in their feeding and watering.

To keep the milk even in quality that of several cows is mixed together. It is put up in quart bottles, which must be kept scrupulously clean by being twice washed in weak soda water and then in clear water. The corks are boiled in a solution of soda each time after use. The filled bottles are sealed with wax and stamped with the seal of the Anstalt.

Spring wagons, well ventilated, and covered from the hot sun by cocoa mats, are used for delivery, and none are allowed to carry more than can be delivered in three hours and a half. Each day a bottle of milk is given to the chemist for inspection to see whether the quality changes.

The result of the establishment of this institution, which does a large and flourishing business, has been to diminish infant sickness and mortality. It seems to have been the only thing which has come anywhere near doing what is such a necessity, and that is furnishing a supply of good, pure, rich milk. Something of the kind in the large Cities of the United States would be an excellent thing.

THERE are in every community persons who can make money in canvassing for the sale of books. The books announced on the next page, "Andersonville" and "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," are the best selling books ever offered, and hundreds of agents are canvassing with great success. We are ourselves surprised at the success of "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," and the delivery for September will exceed the delivery of any book known to us, except the first delivery of "Andersonville." We advise agents to secure territory for both these books at once, as next month will yield a harvest to canvassers. See announcement on next page.

"WICKED MISSOURI."

Our article in regard to the JAMES brothers has excited the ire of many Missourians, as might naturally be expected, and we are in receipt of quite a number of letters and editorials from country newspapers saying unkind things of us in reply. Here is one of the letters:

To the Editor of the Blade.

I see in your issue of August 18, an article headed "Wicked Missouri," in which you give an account of an Englishman's rascality and a couple of murders. Then in the issue of the 25th you say, as you predicted, all the excitement about the James boys had died out, and intimate that they may be taking tea with some Missouri Judge or Sheriff, passing a game of poker or what not; and close by saying "There is no place where the hero of a dime novel can bask in such sweet sunlight of public esteem as Missouri." Now, Sir, we except most positively, and emphatically and cannot but believe that the usual ability, integrity, knowledge, and honesty with which the BLADE has always been conducted, has been imposed upon by some new understriking editor, who has more spite than brains. Missouri has plenty of bad people in it, most of them however are some scape-grace from your Eastern States, and if you will look back to the annals of crime you will find no Missouri murder that in atrocity exceeds the Parkman-Webster murder, or no steal that compares with the steal of W. M. Tweed. With reference to the article in your issue of the 25th wisdom and discretion, would say mum's the word, No rat ever comes out of his hole while the dogs are barking at the mouth of his den. The last clause not only slander, but it is positively false. Justice and candor demand whether you publish this or not that you retract. We have nearly as good laws as any of the States, school house to every three miles square, or less, churches convenient to everybody, as good or better soil than three-fourths of the States, timber, prairie and water, mineral resources untold, a climate unsurpassed as a rule, being between the extremes of heat and cold, and judging from the Chicago's who are moving here, (not intending anything derogatory to them either) a people not behind Ohio in anything that makes man a gentleman.

And while the emigrant is seeking a home he can go further and fare worse than by buying a home in Missouri, while it is not Paradise it is just as near there as any other place on earth, and a man can be just as good here and enjoy himself as much as in the land of the Puritan.

A MISSOURIAN.

Here is another:

LACLEDE, Mo., Sept. 2, 1881.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Being comparatively illiterate, I cannot find language to express my resentment at the manner in which you treat the loyal elements and law-abiding citizens of Missouri in your short but pungent editorial in the BLADE of August 25, animadvertion our efforts to capture the James brothers. You say, "those worthies are probably now reposing peacefully in the bosom of their virtuous families, enjoying the pleasant homes earned by the fruits of their predacious gallantry, and having whenever they desire it, the agreeable company of a Missouri Judge or Sheriff at tea, or for an evening at poker," etc. Now we are extremely anxious that you locate those "pleasant homes" and the periods at which those ruffians repose in them. They are very pleasant viewed from an Ohio standpoint, but to those who know where of they speak, they are rather transient, and if I am rightly informed the James brothers dare not harbor at any one point long enough to admit of capture. They dare not publicly visit their old home, (the Samuels' residence.) Are you aware that the State has offered a large reward for the capture of the James brothers, as well as the balance of the train robbers? and I believe that honest efforts are being made to capture them, but they have thus far proved too wily even for the famous Charley Pinkerton. I am positive that the general sentiment of the people of Missouri deplores and condemns such outrages as the James Brothers have been guilty of. There are perhaps small local exceptions. We had counted the large Republican gains at the election on reasonably hoped that a sufficient influx of Republicans from Ohio, Illinois and Iowa to insure us a Republican majority at the next Presidential election, but this last train robbery and the two or three kicks the BLADE has recently given us seem likely to put that happy consummation out of our reach. Please give us a rest and turn your attention to Iowa, which has recently had an open daylight bank robbery and let the robbers escape. I would think your desire to see Missouri a Republican State would restrain you from saying more than the facts in the case will warrant. You do us an injustice when you advertise Missouri as an asylum for criminals. If you have any desire to see Missouri a Republican State; if you have any sympathy for those who have left Republican States and are making Missouri their home, or if you have any love for your subscribers in Missouri I appeal to you not to spit on us any more for what you would let pass without comment if perpetrated in other States. Truly,

M JONES.

Then the *Mining Review*, published at Rich Hill, Mo., after giving the objectionable editorial, attacks us in this peculiar Missouri style:

The writer of the above [the BLADE editorial] no doubt is one of the many refugees from justice, who, hunted by officers of the law escaped from Canada, and, with his fellow runaways, outlaws of the British Provinces, form the principal part of the inhabitants of Southern Michigan and Northern Ohio. That portion of country surrounding Toledo was originally settled, and the town itself founded by a class of outlaws, escaped convicts, runaway debtors and mongrels—half French and half Indian—the scum of the inhabitants of Upper Canada, who were constantly leaving between two days for a home in the "States." From the ignorance of the writer about this State and her people and the history of the "Border Ruffians," we imagine he is but a late acquisition among his friends, who found the morals and justice of the Dominion too severe for him.

This sweet-scented scribe of the Ohio sheet with a cutting name had better go back to history and learn a lesson from the Kansas and Missouri troubles, learn who were the first perpetrators of crime along the border, learn that the Jayhawkers under Jim Lane and Col. Jennison were capable of crimes as black as any in the catalog, learn how such men as Quantrell, Anderson, the Youngers and the James boys came to take up the cross in defense of their ruined homes, murdered and imprisoned fathers, mothers, wives, brothers and sisters. This is not the time to bring such matters to the minds of the public. It is past. The people here on both sides have adopted the result of the bloody conflict—except it be a few outlaws, who, one after another, are being brought to justice; not any sooner, however, in Kansas and Iowa than in Missouri. Other States have their criminals. Other criminals than the few who advertise this State are unhung and at liberty. Iowa and Kansas have had a chance at the James boys and their gang. Did they do any better than Missouri? No. Pinkerton tried his hand, and ingloriously left the field.

The deeds of these outlaws have indeed been most daring. They have robbed banks, express cars and railroad trains, and, from time to time, rewards have been offered by the State and interested parties aggregating $60,000, and at one time nearly $100,000. To day $50,000 is the reward offered by the Governor for the Winston train robbers, and we trust the whole corps of the BLADE editors will come out to Missouri and capture the villains, then go to Wisconsin, gather up the Williams Bros., and switch down to Pennsylvania and clean out the Molly Maguires; this accomplished, they should enter themselves on police duty in Chicago and arrest the nightly murderers there, then return home and turn over to Canada justice all the escaped villains from the Dominion, if it would not leave their Town and country quite depopulated and the subscription lists of the BLADE considerably reduced!

We reproduce the editorial—not because it contains anything to reply to, but because it indicates something of the spirit which encourages the JAMES brothers. It is evident to the most casual reader that he is an admirer of those villains, whom he excuses at the outset of their career, as those who "took up the cross in defense of their ruined homes," etc. This is not even approximately true. It is one of the most recent of the falsehoods coined for the purpose of exterminating the crimes of these rascals. The JAMESES and the YOUNGERS have no more excuse of injuries to kinsmen to furnish a motive for their deeds than QUANTRELL and ANDERSON did for their hellish murders. They were all the legitimate outgrowth of the satanic spirit which hurled the Border Ruffians against the peaceful settlers of Kansas.

The editor's admiration crops out again in the exultant way in which he mentions their exploits, and the inability of Detective PINKERTON to cope with them. Detectives usually find the greatest difficulty in handling rascals when any considerable portion of a community sympathizes with them to the extent to which the lower class of Missourians sympathize with the YOUNGERS and the JAMESES.

Now, what we desire to say, and have understood by our correspondents and the editors aforesaid, is that we have as confident faith in Missouri's future, as any man can possibly have. We believe that in the near future Missouri will be the greatest State in the Nation, and that some time St. Louis will be the metropolis of the world. It is in the very nature of things that this shall be so. We do not expect to live very many years, but we feel very sure that before we die we shall see Missouri with more people and wealth than Ohio has to day.

But the curse of the State, ever since it has been a State, has been the worthless character of the early immigrants into it from the "poor white trash" of the older Slave States. It was over 60 years ago that the new State, carved out of what had been "Louisiana Territory," was definitely prostituted to Slavery, and thence forward the hardy, energetic, avoided it as they would a locality cursed with fever and ague, or milk sickness. Instead came the worthless overflow of the "low down whites" of the Slave States, and these formed a substratum that has retarded and frequently threatened to entirely blast the prospects of one of the most promising stretches of territory that the sun shines on. The State has so much to offer settlers that even the presence of this obnoxious element could not wholly arrest good immigration, and in past 30 years, and especially since the War there has been such an inflow of first class people as promises to soon entirely overslaugh the old "Puke" grade of inhabitants, and raise Missouri to the eminence in the Nation that her central position, and her wealth in fields and mines entitles her to.

Our indictment against the State is against this worthless and vicious—this cowardly, sneaking, Border Ruffian, Quantrell-bushwhacker substratum of society, which the Democratic officials cater to, because it is the fountain of political power. This class is as vindictive and revengeful as that class always is. It is capable of doing anything, from cowardly assassination to defeat at the polls to any man or official that offends it, and the consequence is that people generally and politicians particularly are careful about offending it.

As far as the statement made in the second letter in regard to the knowledge of Missouri officials as to the whereabouts of the robbers it is sufficient to say that it has been generally asserted and never to our knowledge denied that FRANK JAMES was at Kansas City before and after the robbery, with his wife, who was recognized by several persons, and that the Chief of Police of Kansas City, and other officials were well aware of his presence, but made no effort whatever to apprehend the villain. We never had any doubt that the officials and leading men in Western Missouri know all about the JAMESES and their accomplices, where they abide and where they could be caught if necessary. They do not interest themselves to break up the nest of scoundrels in their midst, partly from some sympathy with the individual scoundrels, but more from fear of the vengeance that will be meted out upon them personally, and to their property if they attempt any such action. The killing of the conductor who had on a previous occasion brought a party of PINKERTON'S detectives shows what people who aid in any way the cause of justice may expect.

What we have said shows that we do not point out these failings of a community in any spirit of hostility to the State, but in order that the people of the State may see the aspect in which they are presented to the world by their official conniving at crime, and may arouse themselves to demand such an immediate reform as will clear the State of its present bad reputation.

STOCK SPECULATION.

Since the return of good times the only element that threatens disturbance is stock speculation. Everything else is upon a firm basis and promises a continuance. The market for all kind of manufactures is healthy. Trade and commerce are not unduly stimulated and there is no reason why the tide of good fortune to business people should not flow prosperously for a long time to come.

There must, however, be a crash in railway stocks, and that not so very far away. When the mania for railroad building is considered, and the way in which the work is carried on, the end must be what we have stated. During the time from January 1st to August 1st new bonds and stocks have been issued to the amount of $671,000,000. The roads built aggregate 3,500 miles. It is easy to see that the cost of construction cannot begin to be such a sum, and that a large part must be watered stock. In fact, of this sum $671,000,000, it is shown by figures taken from the *Financial Chronicle* that the actual expenditure, counting everything, cannot have been over $296,000,000, and the difference, $375,000,000, is a pure figment of the imagination made to wear a brilliant appearance to the gullible buyer who will find to his sorrow that his money has gone for bubbles. But the insane desire to get rich suddenly causes these stocks and bonds now upon the market which have no actual value to meet with a ready sale, so that the crash of 1873 in the stock market will be repeated at no distant day. Happily there is no danger in other directions, for, as said before, everything is settled upon too firm a basis without any tendency to wild speculation, to admit of any such trouble.

OUR HUMOROUS POSTER.

Send for a copy of our comical poster o "Nasby in Europe." We are sending them free to all appeants, and we want one posted in every public place in the land.

IT seems very hard to have everybody fully understand all the proprieties of great occasions. At the recent review of the Rhode Island militia it was the band-master who was found wanting, for when the Governor came on the field with his glittering staff it was "Old Grimes" that he played, instead of the regulation "Hail to the Chief."

THE THOMAS HERESY.

Chicago is in a turmoil of excitement over the trial for heresy of Dr. THOMAS a prominent Methodist divine of that City. Rumors of his defection from some of the long established beliefs of the church have been current for a long time and have at last culminated by his arraignment before a committee of his brethren, upon the charges of two ministers, Messrs JEWETT and HATFIELD.

The proceedings appear to be more of the character of an investigation than a trial proper, and there are some queer things connected with it, which are hard to be understood by outsiders. For instance, the two gentlemen whose names appear as prosecutors have suddenly disappeared from the case, and judging from the proceedings those who remain are somewhat at sea regarding what they want to do. Perhaps the trouble lies in the fact that if "the established standard of doctrine" is the old version of the New Testament which says (II Timothy, III, 16,) that "*all* scripture is given by inspiration of GOD" the heresy indictment is all right, but if the new one is accepted, which says "*every scripture* inspired by GOD," etc, it is all wrong, for it is the last which Dr. THOMAS and his friends say has governed his preaching for a long time.

However that be, the accusation is briefly as follows: He is charged with eaching

1. Doctrines which are contrary to the Articles of Religion of the said Church.
2. With teaching doctrines which are contrary to the established standard of doctrines of said Church.
3. With teaching doctrines which are contrary to the doctrines and creed of said Church.

Under these charges it is specified first that he denies the inspiration of certain portions of the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, contrary to the fifth article of the Methodist religion, and also that he said to Rev. M. M. PARKHURST at the time of a meeting of Conference at Rockford, Ill., in 1880, "that the Methodist Church must throw over board a good part of the Old Testament or it would sink her," and that there were some things which he would not believe if he found them in other books, and he would not believe them any quicker because they were in the Old Testement.

The second specification declares that he denied the doctrine of atonement as taught by the church, several times, but particularly in a sermon preached in October, 1880, in these words:

I believe in the atonement; but I don't believe in the penal or butcher theory that makes Christ a sinner—treats Him as a sinner, and punishes Him as such to make good the threatened penalty of a broken law. To use such a view is unreasonable and unjust. It makes God an angry tyrant rather than a loving father. It leaves no place at all for mercy. Most Methodists seek relief in the governmental view which makes the atonement a measure for securing the moral order of the universe. This I can easily accept and believe, if the idea of penal substitution is left out. But neither Mr. Wesley nor Watson ever got fully away from the strictly penal idea of a literal imputation of sin to Christ, and of the punishment of Christ for sin. I believe that God loved the world—loved it just as much as ever Christ loved it; that the love of Christ was but the vicariousness of God's everlasting love coming forth to seek and to save the lost; to "draw all men unto Him;" to lift them out of their sins, and hence out of their guilt and penalty. I believe, O how deeply I believe, in the divinity of Christ; I believe that He suffered for us, suffered, O how much more than tongue can tell, that we might know His love; that we might be won to His life; that we might be redeemed from sin and made like Himself; might come in our measure into the same law of love, of vicariousness, and suffering for others. But I do not believe that He was ever punished as guilty, or that the penalty of the law was ever executed upon Him. To me such a belief unsettles the very foundations of law and justice. It is a stumbling block in the way of thousands of honest minds and hearts. I do not believe it nor will I preach it.

The third specification says that he teaches that there will be a time of probation after death for sinners, and that he also denies the doctrine of eternal punishment; that he declares a belief that we go out of this world to do good or evil; that he cannot personally limit all of God's saving work to these few years upon earth which he believes is only the beginning, and all the near future "is filled with life and love and activity."

Such in substance are the accusations brought against Dr. THOMAS and which are the grounds of the investigation now going on. He has demurred to the charges because they would bring him to trial for matters of belief and not the established standards of doctrine, that they are indefinite in almost every instance as to time and place of his utterances, and that there are no authorized standards of doctrine of the Methodist Church in relation to endless punishment by which he may be lawfully tried, disciplined and punished.

What the termination of the affair will be can hardly yet be determined. Its merits must be left to the judgment of the reader.

PORTRAIT OF GARFIELD.

The lithograph portrait of GARFIELD, issued to campaign subscribers of the BLADE a year ago, is pronounced by everybody to be the best likeness of GARFIELD ever published. In fact, Mr. GARFIELD himself ordered a lot of them for his personal use. We have just had printed a new supply of these portraits, at the earnest request of thousands of our subscribers. As yet we do not offer them for sale, nor do we give them with the BLADE. If any of our readers wish any of these portraits, and will drop us a postal for information, we will advise them by return mail just how they can get one without cost.

IN spite of his antipathy to the English rule in Ireland Mr. REDPATH is forced to admit that—

Everywhere I have found that the "ould family" landlords are the most tenacious of their feudal prerogatives, and the least merciful to their tenants, excepting to those peasants, in certain cases and districts, who reside around their own "domain," and who have lived for generations as semi serfs to the Teac-mor, or castle. Many of the new landlords are brutal and tyrannical; but not one of them excels in avarice and capriciousness the late Lord Leitrim, or the present Lords Lucan, Sligo, and Londesborne. The most heartless corporation in all Ireland is its dealings with its tenants is the Corporation of Trinity College, Dublin. Nowhere have I seen such ghastly squalor and such appalling wretchedness as in the hovels of the tenants of Trinity College at Cahirciveen and in the Island of Valentia, in the County Kerry.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT

We announce on the next page an edition of the Revised New Testament which we have selected to furnish our readers at the very low price of $1.00, postpaid by mail. This is the very best edition for the money yet published, and every family should have a copy in their possession. We have already sold an enormous number of these books, and the demand is still as great as at the first announcement. Not a single instance of dissatisfaction has come to our notice. We trust all who have not ordered will do so soon, as this announcement will soon have to give place to something else. We have a few Morocco bound copies at $1.50.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The receipts of the Iowa State Fair at Des Moines last week were $30,783.—The Apaches who are on the war path number 750.—The miners of Perry and Hocking Counties, Ohio, have decided to strike for an advance of 10 cents per ton on September 15.—The removal of Sitting Bull and his band of 175 from Standing Rock Agency to Fort Randall was successfully accomplished Friday.—The funeral of Archbishop Henni, of Milwaukee, took place in that City Saturday. The Archbishop was entombed in the chapel of St. John's Cathedral.—Since the attempt of Sergt. Mason to shoot Guiteau, the assassin has been removed to the cell formerly occupied by Stone, who was hanged for murdering his wife. He protested against occupying the "murderer's cell," as he called it

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Removal of the President—About Elberon—The Indications Since the Removal—The Hot Day in September—Guiteau a Parallel Case—The Revolting States—Virginia and Mississippi.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9, 1881.

The removal of the President has greatly interested the people of Washington, and although the train got started early (at 6½ o'clock on Tuesday morning) and the preliminary journey from the White House was considerately before that time, the streets were full of people and a great crowd surrounded the depot building. But the multitude was everywhere quiet and the most perfect regulations, so that nothing unpleasant occurred. As everything is exceedingly dull here and many of the leaders of society are away the newspapers are making the most of this extraordinary occurrence and have taken up whole broadsides of their ample sheets in telling us who received the train, what was the color of the Presidential car, what was the size and shape of the express wagon and who drove it, and many other things equally important.

As the Signal Officer had been consulted and it was known that the day was to be one of the hottest of the season many people wonder that the trip was not made in the night. The reason probably was that the danger is somewhat increased by the darkness, especially as the locomotive did not draw the car, but pushed it forward from behind, so that it should be free from dust and smoke and have the full benefit of the air current by the rapid forward movement. You have heard how admirably all these things worked, and how comfortable the President was during his long ride.

Elberon, where he has gone, is admirably adapted to the sanitary purposes to which it is now applied. Long Branch proper, or the village, where the Postoffice is and the churches, lies, off towards the interior some distance from the ocean. The Long Branch of the newspapers—the famous shore where fashion, and the great palatial houses, and the princely cottages are, stretches along the ocean front some two miles. Elberon is a part of this shore but away from the denser portion, and standing so much alone as to be free alike from its annoyances and attractions. It is a delightful locality and looks directly down on the white surf and the endless stretch of billows that lie at its feet.

I notice that the reports give the temperature of the President's room on Wednesday as 98, and on the piazza as 101. This is a very uncomfortable heat, and the reader may think that the patient will be no better off when he was in Washington. But in Washington there is no possible refuge from such a temperature, while at Elberon it is only for a brief period. As soon as the rays of the sun are shut away, or there is a breeze from the cool bosom of the sea every thing is changed. When at night there is a vast range of cool waters lying along the adjacent shore and the air brooded over these waters creep through the windows and into the quarters of the President with a delicious sense of freshness. Hence the single fact that the thermometer is sometimes nearly as high as in Washington does not show that Elberon is not a much better place for the sick President than the Capitol.

One of the indications of the President's improvement which the country will appreciate is the dismissal of three or four of his doctors. Yesterday when his dressings were being attended to he noticed the quiet which the change had produced and congratulated himself on the fact that his order had been obeyed. If he could stand six doctors, with Mrs. Elson thrown in, his chances must be amazingly improved with only three. The country has noticed with high satisfaction the prompt rally of the patient from the excitement and fatigue of his journey, his endurance of the great heat of Wednesday and his rally under the influence of the sea breeze which has since filled Elberon with its freshness and coolness.

The President made his journey in one of the hottest days of the season, but the next day (Wednesday the 7th) was far hotter. It was, in fact, the hottest day for many years; and everybody rejoiced that he was not here to feel its debilitating effects. The sky was without a cloud; and the sun rained down his fiery beams without let or hindrance. The thermometer of the signal service, which is elevated some 60 or 70 feet, so as to put it beyond the reach of reflected rays, showed the mercury at 102, plus; but other thermometers, located in stores and sheltered places on a level with the ground indicated a temperature of 105 or 110. My own thermometer, at Mt. Pleasant, went up to 106, and several others in the same locality showed about the same range. It was a fearful day and Pennsylvania avenue seemed like the vestibule of a fiery furnace; but our papers report no sunstrokes and the City seems to be unusually healthy.

In the absence of the ordinary run of interesting events some of our papers are discussing the prospects of Guiteau, and have found a parallel case. It seems that Queen Victoria, in 1840, not long after her marriage and while riding with Prince Albert was the mark of an assassin who, like Guiteau, had been watching his opportunity for several days and had been practising with his pistol to make his work sure. Edward Oxford, a boy of 19, was the would be assassin; and just as the carriage of the Queen came to a slow gait at the foot of a hill he pressed himself, turned around towards the carriage and after nodding a hasty greeting, drew a pistol and fired. In an instant he put his hand on another pistol and fired again; but neither shot took effect, although he was within 20 feet. A person who was standing near seized the assassin and wrenched the pistol from him; and in the haste and alarm of the occasion got charged with the attempted crime. But Oxford immediately took the responsibility to himself. "It was me," he said, "that did it. I give myself up. I will go quietly." On the trial, the facts, as proved, were similar to those in the case of Guiteau. He was an eccentric young man, very vain and daring, and his father was violent and rash; and there was evidence of some irregularities that he had not been regarded as insane and his mother had not kept fire-arms away from him. The doctors generally regarded him as insane and he was finally acquitted on that ground.

The campaign in Virginia goes on, notwithstanding the hot weather and it is evidently to be fought out with spirit. The Bourbons are receiving some help from the straight-out Republicans, and Wickham has announced openly that he will vote for the Democratic ticket. Some of Mahone's headquarters, too will go over to the Bourbons because of his course in the Senate. But his ticket is getting a very cordial support from the great body of the Republicans and the negros especially, will feel that their interests lie in that direction. The Democrats do not brag as loudly as they did and generally feel that they have a hard battle before them.

In Mississippi every thing presents a promising appearance. The letters received here indicate that the division among the Democrats, as manifested in the State Convention, continues, and is really serious. The re-election of Lamar to the Senate, is mixed up in the contest, and the nomination for Governor is not satisfactory. These things may be smoothed down before the election but the effect of them is to encourage the Liberals and they are preparing to make an earnest fight. BUCKEYE.

A TEXAN TALE.

Groundless Fears of Tarantulas and Centipedes—An Encounter with a Tarantula—Fleas as the Sands of the Sea—Red Ants, etc.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

AUSTIN, Texas, September 3, 1881.

When I first came to Texas and seated myself in a vacant chair at a stylish pine table at a typical boarding house up at Palestine, my fellow boarders un'ertook the responsible task of my enlightenment on the subject of the State in which I had concluded to risk my fortune, and to post me up on the particulars of the climate and country, an onerous duty which always falls to the lot of fellow boarders.

BOARDING HOUSE STORIES.

Among a great many other things, I learned much that I had never supposed concerning tarantulas, and centipedes and other thousand detrimentals of the country. I was told that the touch of a centipede caused a horrible decay, and that the bite of a tarantula was certain death. Moreover, my information was of the most reliable kind, because every male boarder of the house had experienced personally, or through his most intimate friend, a remarkable adventure with one or both of these terrible creatures, and he was always ready to relate it for the benefit of strangers, which was direct proof of its truthfulness.

I learned that to have them for bed-fellows was an occurrence too common for special comment, and many other inconvertable facts which were calculated to disturb the sweetness of my dreams and to fasten upon my little spouse the habit of pre-retirement excursions under the bed and its suspicious dark corners.

One of the boarders, my opposite at the richly spread board, a fellow of voluminous local information, commenced to tell one day, while trying to break a biscuit across the corner of the table, about a friend, who, on awakening one morning, found a tarantula in his beard. My wife shot a swift glance at her husband's unpromising mustache and heaved a deep sigh of relief. Despairing of breaking his biscuit, the opposite gentleman put it to soak in a cup of mud-colored liquid beside his plate and related that his friend thereafter insulted his bed by resting each post in a pail of water. I mentally calculated the cost of four buckets of water and abstractedly helped myself to some herculean butter which, in my absence of mind, found its way to my mouth. Immediate ejection prevented serious consequences.

Another partaker of the delicate viands, elated probably, by its success at carving his allowance of steak, volunteered a story of a colored citizen across whose neck a centipede had run and left its pestilential footprints. The particulars were so revolving as to dull the keen edge of hunger and cause us to forsake our nice cold cornCakes and grease—drowned nubbins of sausage. In our hungry afterthoughts, the suspicion that this fellow was in league with the landlady, arose in our souls to condemn him. He was distrusted and avoided afterward.

Even the landlady aroused herself from her usual lethargy, and in the inimitable, abused drawl, peculiar to landladies who are reduced to keeping boarders by no fault of their own, entertained us with many incidents in her experience with the deadly natives of the soil.

A NEGRO'S OBSERVATIONS.

We became very cautious. Whenever I ventured on strange ground, through tall grass or weeds, or among lumber piles, I kept a sharp lookout for danger. I was also exceedingly timid about interfering with woodpiles. When we came to Austin I found a colored porter who was inexhaustible on the subject of reptiles. He said he had caught all sorts of crawling things to sell to tourists and Winter visitors, and solemnly declared that "some laran chaw-las jumps 10 feet. Dey gits mad ef yer poster 'em an' jumps fer yer frost jis' like a blood-houn'! I'se saw 'em jump higher'n yer head, a heap. Suah!"

"But they won't attack a person if not molested, will they?" I enquired, glancing nervously around the office.

"I dunno; reckon so!" he answered, warningly, with the rising inflection given to the word "so," as is the custom. "Dey mos' gen'ly runs when dey sees a pusson a comin,' but I'se heered how dey jumped at folks befo' dey was teched."

"They never get into houses, do they?" I inquired. "For instance, for example, you know, there will never be any likelihood of our finding one in here, will there? I would like to see ones."

"Yes, sah," he answered, resuming his slow sweeping. "Dey often gits into houses. Centerpeeds often lives up in de ruff, near de chimblies, but dey ne-ber comes down in any place except de cornahs of de room." Saying which he stared at the corner over my head. My eyes were quickly turned in the same direction, despite my efforts to appear unconcerned, and the finding of nothing there, save a few harmless cobwebs, scarcely sufficed to check the sensation that carpered up and down my spine.

"Wen I ketched hol'd frogs, stingin' lizzards, taranche-las, an' centerpeeds, an' sole 'em to de fokes on de trains an' at de hotels, I made a heap mo' money dan I'se a gettin' now," resumed the porter, shoving his marble to-th. "I dun got $5 fer a taranche-wla onct, an $2 and six bits fer a hol'd frog."

I lived in daily expectation of meeting one of these bloodthirsty creatures for months, until the fear that I would encounter one changed to a fear that I wouldn't.

I would not, for a crown and a harp, undertake by fooling with their arsenals, to demonstrate the harmlessness of these tarantulas and centipedes, but with the exception related I have never learned of a single death by their agency. It is easy to find people who know that they are deadly poisonous, that there is no remedy for their poison, and who will say they know of numerous cases of death by their stings, but when these people are cornered and asked to give instances, they begin to waver and finally acknowledge that they have never been personally cognizant of any particular case, but they are satisfied, nevertheless, that cases have occurred, and do occur. This is my experience. I have thought of advertising for a man who could prove a case.

The other day, I picked up a newspaper—one of the worst that ever survived infancy—and my eye fell upon a headline that I supposed would surely settle the question; "Man Swallows a Centipede".

Now here was a test case. Here was an opportunity for destruction that few centipeds could hope to have. I read the account; it was a dispatch from an interior Town. Like other test cases, however, it had its disputed points, and could not, therefore, be accepted as a clear proof.

"In drinking from the bunghole of a cask, Mr. Bush swallowed a centipede measuring nearly three inches in length, which he soon afterward threw up without receiving any injury. It is supposed that the centipede was dead, having crawled into the cask and drowned, otherwise the result would, in all probability have been fatal."

Further than that the creature was dead when the man cast it out, there is no evidence that it was not alive and ready for business when it entered his stomach. But even if the proof was positive that the thing was alive when it struck the Texan's digestive appratus, the argument that it tackled something found there, and died a worse death than drowning, might be raised, and I should have to admit its probability.

For seven months I kept a sharp lookout for these tarantulas and centipedes without being frightened by a single appearance. One evening, at the time of that time, while my wife and I were sitting at supper on the rear verandah of the house to which we had flown, to escape the luxury of boarding, (high living made me dyspeptic), where she had improvised a place to spread our humble meal, we saw our first tarantula. It resembled an animated splotch of ink meandering in the gathering gloom over the gravel, about three feet from where we were seated. Obedient to my excited request, the little woman brought a barrel stave, which I seized, with great determination, at its extreme end; and opened the attack by taking up a position behind a verandah support, and striking at the enemy. Alarmed at this, the tarantula turned and ran toward the verandah on which I stood. In order to obtain a better position I "shinned" up the support, while my timid little wife "streaked" into the house. Women are always afraid of such things. The tarantula did not, as I hoped it would follow me to the support, where I intended to dispatch it at once, but disappeared beneath the verandah. I waited a moment to give it a chance to come out and attack me, which it did not venture to do, so I slid down and rolled after it with my stave.

FLEAS AND ANTS.

No more tarantulas, nor yet a living centipede, have I seen. I supposed that they were as thick as fleas, but they are not; if they were, and are as deadly as they are said to be, there wouldn't be a living human this side of St. Louis. Fleas! They infinitely outnumber the Democrats. Hundreds of fleas to every Democrat. Fleas are believed by the natives, to breed in the sand, which is an argument, in my way of thinking, in favor of bathing. It might not be safe to overstep the limit of popular forbearance by advocating the use of water as a beverage, but I will venture to array myself against the prejudice of our Aztec citizens by recommending its external application as often as once a year. Such a measure might somewhat abate the flea nuisance.

Talking about fleas reminds me that Texas soil produces the biggest red ants I ever saw. They can bite harder than fleas, but, thank kind Providence, they don't make a regular business of it, except at picnics, otherwise this country would be uninhabitable. They have forceps-shaped pinchers conveniently attached to their jaws, which they can use as weapons of war, or implements of agriculture with equal readiness and with which they perform astonishing feats. I believe that they also carry stilletoes in their hip pockets, after the manner of wasps, which they employ with fearful effect in their skirmishes on humanity, but the suspicion is not based on scientific investigation, never having exceeded a cursory examination.

The red ant harvests at night and remains at home when it is cool, during the day time. Rain and sunstroke seem to be carefully avoided. The ant will do like a politician to avoid a sunlight engagement.

Business begins at nightfall; the ants swarm out and fall to work as if they had but one night in which to get in their whole Winter's supply. They climb trees and gather leaves, cut them into fragments about the circumference of a dime and carry them home. Some are cutting with their handy process, while others do the carrying; enroute, they are an army of banner bearers. In the morning a stream of leaf fragments marks their path. An ant takes to work like a Texan to whisky, naturally. A Texan takes to work like an ant to whisky. Texan takes to work like an ant to whisky. Whether the ants send out prospecting parties in search of bonanzas to be worked the following night, and have a corps trained to the business, or whether each individual ant reconnoiters on his own hook ann is followed by the others when he brings in a sample of his find, I am not informed; certain it is that nothing in their line escapes their notice. They gather seeds from grasses, small berries, corn, crumbs and dead insects, and numerous other things, which they store away for Winter consumption.

By the light of a lamp I have followed a stream of ants, part going and part coming, for 10 rods, where they were gathering corn spilled by the horse.

The smaller ants were cutting the kernels and carrying fragments, while the larger and more muscular fellows carried whole grains. Ambitious chaps frequently overestimated their strength and undertook more than they could accomplish; to them the homeward journey was one of trial and hardship. While at work in this manner, the ants seem to keep the path by encountering those bound in the opposite direction; at any rate, they are constantly colliding. There are no fights among them that I have ever seen. I witnessed a fight between an ant and a honey bee, though, in which the honey-bee got the worst of it. Try as he might the bee couldn't get into position to use his stinger. The ant clung with the tenacity of a bull dog, but carefully avoided the dagger. EMPIRICUS.

A DARK DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Lamps Have to be Lighted at Noon.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

For several days previous to the one of which I write, a heavy storm had prevailed, when on the morning of the 6th of September, 1881, the sky was overspread with what seemed to be thick, heavy clouds. At sunrise it became of a deep copper color, which gradually changed to bronze near sunset.

Throughout the entire day the carnivorous insects became unusually troublesome, the cattle were uneasy, the lowing bleating of the sheep on the hills spoke of their discontent, the birds ceased singing, the crickets chirped as lively as in the night, and day seemed changed into night.

At sunrise it was quite dark and the gloom increased until noon, when people were obliged to use lamps in order to proceed with their household duties. Among the superstitious great alarm was felt, they thinking that the darkness forbodes some great calamity, or the immediate destruction of the earth.

About 2 o'clock P. M. the darkness began to recede and at 4 o'clock the outline of the sun was discernible, looking like a ball of blood rolling through [illegible] 8, after this there was no change until night.

During the whole day a strong smell of smoke was observed, and the atmosphere was exceedingly oppressive, the thermometer indicating about 88° Fah.

It is supposed the darkness was caused by an excessive amount of vapor in the air and a dense cloud of soke from the great forest fires of the Northwest.

It is probable that this occurrence was similar to the "dark day" of which our grandfathers tell; although its singularity was not exhibited in so great a degree, yet it will long be remembered as the dark day of '81.

Wilmot, N. H., Sept. 9.

Pensioning Ex-Prisoners.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

Will exposure and starvation disable a man? Did the thousands who starved to death in the filthy prison pens of the South suffer less than their comrades who were shot down on the field of battle?

It is scarcely necessary at this late date that any pen should undertake to picture the horrors of those Southern hells.

In the past, hundreds have drawn their fancied and real pictures of those dens. Kellogg and McElroy have given us the history of prison life, yet all who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of Dixie's men feel that all has not been told. There still remains, and always will remain, an unwritten history of Andersonville. It was a Southern rule, a Rebel boast, that no soldier should leave prison in a condition that would permit him to do active service again. And that this was no idle boast, the condition of their remaining prisoners will amply prove.

The question of to-day is: Are these men to receive a pension? And how are they to be pensioned?

As a rule those who were the longest confined are the worst affected. This being the case, it would, in my estimation, be a good idea to pension them, if pensioned at all, according to the time they suffered. And should it ever come to this, care should be taken that a few men who carried much for the rebels and abused their fellow prisoners now and then choking one to death, should not receive a pension. Such a man was Stanton. A. C RANARK.

Co. "I" 22d Indiana.

Villisca, Montgomery, Iowa, Aug. 27, 1881.

The One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Occasion.

At New Orleans, on the 9th day of August, at the 135th Grand Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, $30,000, the first capital prize, was won by ticket No. 16,032, half held by George Backhill, a much respected conductor on the Perkiomen Branch of the Philadelphia & Reading R. R., living at Norristown, Penn., the other half held by Felix D. Lester, a helper in the blacks with shops of the Mobile & Ohio R. R., at Jackson, Tenn.; $10,000, the second prize, by No. 35,818, one half held by Wm. M. Shaw, bookkeeper, Lakeside Foundry, Chicago, Ill., the other half by an unknown party; third, $5,000, drawn by No. 42,885, half held by Mrs. Buck, New York City, the other half by Chas. Burch, also New York City; $2,500 drawn by Nos. 96,702 and 16,082, halves held by S. Delmonte, No. 520 Magazine street, New Orleans, La.; Henry Ziemer, East New York; N. A. Frier, Shawneetown, Ill., collected through M. M. Pool & Co., bankers there; Truman Bart let, No. 59 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. There were thousands of other lucky ones, too tedious to enumerate, but any one anxious to know about anything connected with it should write at once to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., before October 11, the day of the 137th drawing.

PICTORIAL WAR RECORD.—Exciting, interesting, instructive illustrations. Sold by all news agents; only 6 cents. Yearly subscription, $2.50.

SNYDER & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., want men to canvas, and establish agents for enlarged pictures.

Recruits for the Army.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9—Owing to the number of recruits required to fill the army to the authorized strength, the standard for artillery and infantry is fixed at five feet four and upwards, weight 120 to 190 pounds; for cavalry five feet four to five feet 10, weight not to exceed 165 pounds. Recruits and officers are being ordered to Arizona.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

This is the latest, best and cheapest book of recipes now before the public. The book is the work of one of the most eminent economists of England, and it has been edited by practical Americans with especial reference to American wants. It contains everything that needs to be known in all the departments of domestic life. The book is well printed, and substantially bound, and sold only by subscription, at the very low price of $2. Thousands were sold in advance of publication. Those out of employment will do well to secure an agency for this rapid selling book. Everybody needs it, and everybody must have it. Our agents are each and all of them taking hundreds of orders for delivery after harvest. Now is the time to work up a list. Address for particulars, the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., or Boston, Mass.

ANDERSONVILLE.

The book "Andersonville" should be in the library of every loyal citizen of the United States. It is the only authentic record of the most horrible crime ever perpetrated against humanity ever printed, and is written in so graphic a style as to possess all the fascination of a work of fiction.

It has had the largest sale of any book published for years, but there is yet good territory that has not been worked. The book is a handsome volume of over 650 pages, profusely illustrated, and sells faster than any book on the market. It is sold only by subscription, and agents make better salaries than with any book ever sold in this way. Full particulars sent to any address free. Address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., or Boston, Mass.

THE NASBY PAMPHLETS.

These humorous little pamphlets written by Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, are having an enormous sale. We send them, postpaid, on receipt of price named below, and they afford more than the money's worth of amusement. They are as follows:

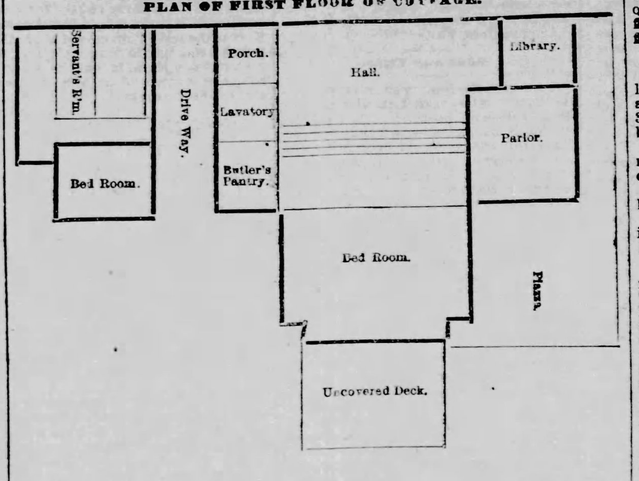
Nasby as a Banker (illustrated), price 10 cents.

The Democratic John Bunyan (illustrated), price 10 cents.

Diary of an Office Seeker, price 15 cents or all three for 30 cents.

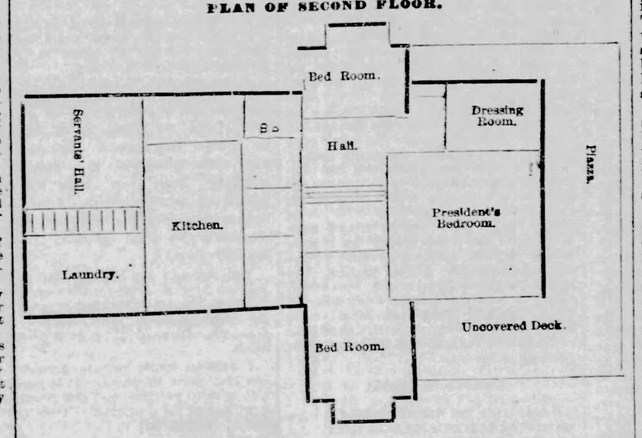
DIAGRAM OF THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH

PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR OF COTTAGE.



ATLANTIC OCEAN.

PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.



ATLANTIC OCEAN.

THE MICHIGAN FIRE.

Fearful Scenes in the District Burned Over Last Week.

Over Fifteen Hundred Families Homeless and Destitute.

Crops Destroyed, Human Beings, Horses and Cattle Cremated.

An Appeal to the People of the United States for Aid.

DESTRUCTION OF FARM PROPERTY IN SANILAC COUNTY.

PORT SANILAC, Sept 6.—There are probably 100 families in this part of the country burned entirely out, a majority of them being left with only the clothes they had on. The whole country is on fire. Many families had to go to the lake to escape death. It is stated that Richmondville is entirely destroyed, and parties who left here to investigate can get no communication further north.

LEXINGTON, Sept. 6,—The high wind yesterday and to-day spread the forest fires through this county, burning houses, barns and crops and causing scenes the like of which has not been witnessed since 1871. In this vicinity there have been burned Mills & George's barn and contents, E H. Cudney's house, barn and crops. In the village of Anderson about a dozen houses, the railroad station and elevator are burned. At Minden Dr. Vincent's and six other houses. At Deckerville Maxwell's two houses and barns. In Washington John Kirby's house and barns, E. D. McCredie's barn, Macelmann house and contents, and many others. The loss of life is serious. Geo Ayrebeart, his wife, grandmother, two children and a grandchild at Deckerville were burned. The mail carrier from Carsonville to Sandusky saw four dead bodies on the route. The mail carrier from Bad Axe to Marlette is lost.

DETROIT, Sept. 7.—Telegraphic communication is entirely cut off with the worst part of the burnt region in this State, so that reports are yet somewhat fragmentary, and it is hoped they are exaggerated.

The little Villages of Carson, Charleston and Tyre are reported completely destroyed; Ashley partly. The Townships of Delaware, Minden and Austin, in Sanilac County, and Bingham, Sherman, and Paris, in Human County, are burned over and deserted. The crops in these Townships were all harvested, and nearly all now lost.

The remains of a family of seven, named Redmond, were found in a well near Charleston, they having got into the well for shelter, and there suffocated.

The charred remains of Henry Cole were also found at Charleston, and a family named Susula in Paris Township. Mrs Diebert and her three children were overtaken by the flames and burned to death, in Watertown Township; and another family named Dennison are believed to be burned.

Two families named Thornton and Lee fell a prey to the flames near Richmondville. The wind blew a gale, carrying the fire with a rapidity that often prevented escape.

NEWS BY WAY OF CHICAGO.

A special to the Times at Sand Beach, Mich., of September 7, says: The fire of last night was worse and did more damage than that of 1871. The Towns of Bad Ax, Verona, Port Hope and Huron City are all burned. Eight dead bodies were brought into Port Hope before 8 o'clock this morning. At least 100 lives have been lost in this County. R. J. Meade and his whole family, living four miles west of Sand Beach, was burned. A child of James Meade was found dead this morning. James Maule and wife have not been found. One family were found in a well safe, but all their goods and houses and and barns were burned. People in Vernon buried themselves in their gardens. The hose company of this Town was up all last night, and is now wetting the streets, houses, barns, etc. The only danger here is from sparks and cinders.

3:20 P. M.—The Town of Sand Beach is shrouded in total darkness, and business is suspended. The hose company have been wetting the business portions of the place. Gas and lamps are lighted.

Many have their clothing and a portion of their bedding packed, ready to go out on the lake. The smoke is stifling.

The train due at 2:20 turned back at Deckerville, 25 miles south of here. People there have buried the most of their clothing and furniture.

J. Jenks & Co.s salt block in this place caught fire, but the hose company succeeded in putting it out before much damage was done. The Town is supplied with Holly Water Works throughout the business portion, and no very great fears are entertained for its safety. Heavy roaring can be heard off to the northwest which some think is thunder and others a tornado.

One farmer 15 miles southwest of here lost his house and barn, 600 bushels of wheat, and 300 bushels of oats. His insurance had expired three days previously.

A widow west of Verona lost her house and barn. No communication can be held with other Towns, as the wires are not working.

The destruction of farm property in Tuscola County yesterday and to-day is simply appalling. No adequate estimate can be made of the loss. A great number of families are homeless.

A report from Caseville, Tuscola County, says fire from the woods consumed almost every building in the Village of Huron City, including Langdon Hubbard's residence, stave, saw and grist mill, three barns and contents and a dock, driving the people into the lake for shelter.

A special from Vassar, Tuscola County, says the fires are still raging through the country, but are under control at present. Yesterday was the worst day so far in this County. Families come in from the surrounding country with their clothes burned, and some entirely blind. Eighteen persons saved themselves by staying in a well. Bates' mill and all of the dwellings were burned at Crampton's Switch. Mills, lumber, houses and barns are burned all around.

The Township of Bloomfield is swept clean, and 17 lives are known to have been lost. A large number of farmers are left homeless.

PORT SANILAC, Sept. 8.—Forest fires have destroyed both property and life. Port Hope and Huron City, Huron County, are totally destroyed. The inhabitants are leaving everything and fleeing to the lake for their lives.

It is stated by good authority that 100 or more people perished in the flames in the vicinity of Port Hope and Huron City.

In Forrestertown two bodies were identified as those of Abel Thornton and wife.

Christ Thornton, John Mahall, Sarah Varkey, and a boy, name unknown, were burned to death. Several more are reported lost.

It is estimated that 1,000 families are made homeless.

DETROIT, Sept. 9.—The Rev. Z. Grenell, jr., pastor of the Third Baptist Church of this City, arrived from Sand Beach at noon to-day by the Narrow Gage and Grand Trunk, passing through most of the burned region in Sanilac County. He gave a reporter a graphic and fearful description of the calamity as he saw it, and heard it from eye-witnesses. On his way to Port Huron by the Narrow Gage Railroad it was noticed that, in some places, the track had proved an effectual barrier to the flames, which did not find fuel in the gravel of the roadbed. In other places, however, it burned the ties and twisted and destroyed the rails, which had to be replaced. In other places it had leaped clear over the road, and taken a new start on the other side. For the most part it got across in some way, and the spots of unburnt country were small, few, and far between. From the car window, all the way, it presented to the view the aspect of

A BURNED DESERT OF ASHES

and smoldering embers, without a sign of animal or vegetable life, a country abandoned by God and man, and to which it was impossible to imagine any one returning. The telegraph poles had all burned, and the wires had been reset upon any stick that could be found, and, for long distances were merely laid along the ties beside the rails.

One of the most singular and appalling phenomenons accompanying the calamity was the awesome darkness which preceded it and remained until it was over. The

EXPERIENCE OF SAND REACH

will illustrate that of the whole lake shore. At sunrise Monday the air was as clear as usual. About 1 P. M. the people began to observe a singular copper colored appearance of the whole firmament. A little later this deepened to a deep red, and by 2 o'clock it was so dark that people were compelled to take lanterns to find their way about out doors. Mr. Jenks, a well known citizen, said that he passed his hand back and forth before his face and could not see.

THE SCENES OF HORROR

in the woods were too frightful for any pen to portray. The dead were found everywhere, very rarely recognizable, and in most cases undistinguishable as human beings. Many were mere masses of burnt flesh, which fell apart when touched, and in very few could sex or age be distinguished. From one body the head fell when it was lifted up; from another, that of a young woman, the leg separated and hung by the tendons. In some places families were found reduced to an undistinguishable heap of

ROASTED AND BLACKENED BLOCKS OF FLESH.

where they fell together, overwhelmed by the rushing flames. The manifold horrors of the calamity were multiplied by fearful tornadoes which cut off retreat in every direction. The awful heat of the atmosphere raised the smoke a little from the ground, and it hung above the earth in an impenetrable mass, shutting out every ray of light, and leaving the poor creatures below helpless and blind, until the fire caught them and

CLOSED THEIR AGONY IN DEATH.

Now and then flames shot up in tremendous masses, which would be seized by a tornado and carried bodily a quarter of a mile away, and then pushed down again to start the flames in a new quarter. In this way helpless fugitives flying for life were penned in by seas of flame, and roasted like rats in a cage.

TOWNS DESTROYED.

A Port Austin dispatch states that the loss of life by the forest fires on Monday and Tuesday is estimated at from 200 to 300. The following named Towns are burned:

Bad Axe, Vernon, Forest Bay, Richmondville, Charleston, Anderson, Deckersville, Harrisville, Sandusky.

The following named Towns are partly burned: Port Hope, Hinden, Ubley.

The great loss in the Villages is nothing to that in the country, where the losses are too numerous to be named.

THE LOWEST ESTIMATES

make 215 families burned out in the Towns of Marlette, Flynn, Argyle, Evergreen, Moore, Lamotte and Elmer, Sanilac County, and three persons know to be dead. Men who traveled through the burnt district yesterday report the fire mostly out, and the inhabitant sitting about the ashes of their burnt houses. Many are burned and otherwise injured. They are disconsolate and almost bereft of their senses.

Provisions, clothing, bedding, and other necessaries are being constantly forwarded, and men are traveling through the burnt districts distributing supplies and taking the names of those who are in need.

A GOOD DEAL OF SUFFERING

is also reported from the back part of Tuscola County, adjoining Sanilac, where, as near as can be ascertained, some scores of families are completely burned out, and it is feared there is some loss of life, though it is believed to be smaller.

The worst destruction is probably at an end. The work of relief must now be energetically and systematically prosecuted. In many instances these poor people must be carried through the Winter and supplied with every necessary.

DETROIT Sept 9.—George McDonald, of Winton, says the destruction caused by the fires of 1871 was nothing in comparison to the fires of the past few days. In the vicinity of Richmondville and Western Forester and Marion Townships reliable information leads to the belief that upwards of 300 persons perished in the flames. There was no escape for them. The woods and ground were so dry that no warning of danger was given.

FASTER THAN A RACE HORSE

came the fire. It would embrace a house or barn with its contents and away to the next. Persons who have been through the terrible ordeal say that in 10 minutes from the time the fire struck there would be no vestige of a house left. Many instances exist of men, women and children found lying on their face in the road where they had fallen when overtaken by fire, children lying on logs where they had clambered for safety. There was no finding each other when once separated. Many took refuge in wells and on the roof of houses, thinking to escape, but in almost every instance were suffocated.

DETAILS OF THE DISASTER IN HURON

are as bad as here. I believe that when the details are all in 1 000 people will be found to have perished in the flames. Forster Township turned out Thursday to bury the dead cattle, sheep and horses, the stench from which is unbearable.

Rev. W. T Allington found 16 dead bodies near Deckesville. Only five buildings are left between that place and Minden.

John Flytewager's family — seven children and wife—were all burnt together in Paris Township, with 15 others. The Day family were burned with Morris Clifford, wife and child.

A man and woman were lying dead in the road between Donner's mill and Tyre.

FIFTEEN FAMILIES WERE BURNED

in Moore and Argyle. Five hundred families are reported at Minden as having been burned out. A woman and seven head of cattle were burned at Smith's mill, a half mile from Tyre. Wherever a house is left the people flock to it like sheep to a fold, in some places as many as six families being in a log shanty.

THEY MUST HAVE RELIEF

or great suffering must be the result. I saw many families to-day who hadn't had one meal since Monday, and who do not know when they will get one. Their teams are all gone, cows and other stock burned. Desolation stares them in the face. They talk about their misfortunes and many of them say bad as it is it might be a great deal worse. They are glad to get away with their lives. Many of the men are Germans who have been over but a short time and have just began to get matters in comfortable shape. Many need medicine and medical assistance.

Twenty persons are reported burned to death in Custer Township. Thomas Burns, wife, sister, mother and two children were burned in Austin Township, and an old man named Payne, Michael Welch, wife and two children. Nearly every farmer in that Township has lost either his house, barn, crops, or all of them.

The loss of life and property is immense. Dead bodies are being brought in from all directions. It is estimated that

FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE ARE HOMELESS

and in immediate want of assistance. The farmers in Newer Township lose live stock, houses, barns, crops and everything.

A farmer who just came in from Austin Township saved his family of eight children in a field of buckwheat, but says the whole country in that part is totally destroyed and many lives are lost. The loss of live stock is simply immense. The older settled Townships escaped with but little loss, but in most of the newer Townships nothing remains. The fire swept them into

A BLACKENED WILDERNESS.

A dispatch from Marlette, Sanilac County, says a terrible state of affairs exist at this point. The entire section of country lying to the North, and East of this place has been on fire and the number of families rendered homeless will reach hundreds.

Up to this time 17 persons are known to have met their death by fire. The horse of Ira Humphrey, mail carrier, between this place and Davis Corners, came home badly burned, with a card attached to the saddle written by Humphrey stating his peril from fire. A relief party found him on the road dead. He was entirely denuded, his clothes either having been burned on his person or torn off by himself in his desperation.

IN THE TOWNSHIP OF ARGYLE,

Huron County, the following were burned to death: Paul Whiteale, wife and five children; George Gratch, wife and two children; James Gibson and two women, recently from Canada, names unknown. There are also several badly burned who cannot live. In some sections the fire swept everything before it, and spread with such rapidity that the people were obliged to fly with only the clothing on their backs.

In Lapeer and Huron Counties, back from the lake shore, the devastation has been more serious, especially in loss of life, although property losses have been severe. That in Tuscola County is estimated at $200,000.

RAIN CHECKS THE FIRES.

BAY CITY, Sept. 8.—Slight rains last night checked the fires to a considerable extent, and the worst is believed to be over. Scores of lives have been lost, and hundreds of families are left homeless.

THE SECTION BURNED.

DETROIT, Sept. 9.—The Free Press says: The section in which the fires raged most furiously and were most destructing to life and property embraces the larger part of Huron County, most of Sanilac County, and a large tract in the northeast, east and southeast of Tuscola County, and some territory in the northwestern portion of Lapeer County. The fires were also very disastrous in Genesee, Saginaw and Midland Counties, but in comparison with the widespread destruction in Huron Sanilac and Tuscola the losses are insignificant.

An idea of the extent of the desolation in the shore counties may be formed when it is said that from back of Port Austin, or from Grindstone City, in the extreme north of Huron County, the fire has cut a swath of from 10 to 30 miles in width down to the southern portion of Sanilac County, a distance of 60 miles. Hundreds of square miles of territory were burned over, and the number of the destitute reaches thousands. The Townships in Huron County bordering on Saginaw Bay seem to have got off most lightly, but the central and eastern Townships suffered heavily. Some of the shore villagers escaped, but others received a severe scorching, and of some there is scarcely a vestige left.

Reports have been received showing that every Township in Sanilac County suffered more or less injury. The whole interior of the County has been laid waste, while the Townships of Tuscola bordering thereon have sustained extensive losses.

The three Counties of Huron, Sanilac and Tuscola were ravaged by the great fires of 1871, but the losses then, great as they were, do not equal those occasioned by the fires of this week. The three Counties named had, in round numbers, a population in 1870 of 37,000, and in 1880 of 72,000. They have therefore doubled in population since the destructive fires of 10 years ago, while as respects their agricultural development, the rate of increase was much larger. The loss will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars, and next to the loss of life its saddest feature is that it deprives hundreds of all means of sustenance.

AN APPEAL FOR AID.

PORT HURON Sept. 11.—To the American people: We have to night returned from the burnt district of Huron and Sanilac Counties. We have seen the burned, disfigured and writhing bodies of men, women and children; rough board coffins containing the dead, followed to the grave by a few blinded, despairing relatives; crowds of half starved people at some of the stations asking for bread for their families and neighbors; we hear of more than 200 victims already burned, and more charred and bloated bodies daily discovered. Already more than 1,500 families are found to be utterly destitute and homeless. They huddle in barns, in school houses, in their neighbors' houses, scorched, blinded, hopeless. Some still wander half crazed around the ruins of their habitations, vainly seeking their dead sons, in speechless agony wringing their hands, and refuse to be comforted. More than 10,000 people who only a week ago occupied happy, comfortable homes are to day homeless and houseless sufferers. They are hungry and almost naked. They are in such great numbers, and so widely scattered, that

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of 50c.

READY FOR CHRISTMAS.

About the middle of next month we shall begin in THE HOUSEHOLD a department to continue until the holidays devoted to the description of fancy articles of all kinds which may be manufactured at home. Each week something new and pretty will be presented. It will be our aim to include those which will not require extravagance in expenditure and labor, although a variety will be given. We hope to make it of great use to our friends in THE HOUSEHOLD.

Home Talks.

The wife in Newark who deliberately packed up her things and left her home the other day to go to Leadville, only voiced in the excuse she gave for her action, the feelings of half the world through they give them no expression. She said she was tired to death of her humdrum life and longed for a change. So determined was she that neither husband nor children could move her to give up her purpose. She left a good house and comfortable surroundings to gratify an inordinate craving for something new.

It is needless to say that the probabilities are before she gets through with her "change" she will most heartily wish to be restored to her now despised old life. The curious part of it is—not that she was tired of her husband,—such things do happen occasionally—but that the goal of her desires should be Leadville. Doubtless, however, she has an idea that golden ducats roll there in the streets that life is full of brilliant adventures, that in so wild a place she can reign a very queen, and monotony will be no more.

That this doing the same thing day after day, year in and year out, does pall sometimes upon the most contented of us, is true. Usually, changes in the weather give some little excitement, but this Summer the mercury galloped up into the nineties early in the season and has obstinately persisted in staying there most of the time, so that change has been denied sweltering humanity. Perhaps this may be the reason of such an overplus of domestic difficulties, suicides, murders, etc., which have been reported all over the country day after day.

"Variety is the spice of life," that is, a reasonable and reasonable amount of it. When the duties which have been pleasant grow wearisome and distasteful then it is time to seek a change, rest and recreation if possible, but if not some employment for a season that shall bring new scenes and new faces within the horizon. If this were always done half of the tragedies that thrill and shock mankind would never be. Ideas of right and wrong would not become warped, a more healthy view would be taken of existence and the social atmosphere be cleaner and purer.

We have spoken of the urgent necessity for recreation for every human being before in THE HOUSEHOLD, but feel that nothing will be lost by repeating it. Not that there are many who would deliberately shut the wife and mother did, of whom we spoke in the beginning. That was too utterly heartless, too plainly the outcome of selfishness and longing for unhealthy excitement, to create the least sympathy. It was an intensified form of the desire for a change that would simply arouse other women to some healthful action, or cause a wearing out of the nerves because of the impossibility of gaining the new lease of life which a variety would give.

The extremely high temperature for the past three months will leave its history upon the constitution of us all. The most depressing date of the whole year appears to be the latter part of August—due to the lowering effects of restless nights, and everyone who can should arrange for a Fall vacation. Indeed, it is becoming the custom of many who cannot afford the time or money to take a long respite, extending through the hot season and into the Autumn to chose the latter, rather than a short Summer rest. If one has the requisite endurance to work through July and August nothing is more delightful than these Autumn recreations. The nights are cool, and sleep is sublimely refreshing, the winds are active and clear, the atmosphere so that we have the most delightful mornings. The hotels are not overcrowded, and your room is of your own selection. The servants are less hurried and more attentive. The autocratic clerk observes that the regime of his house is about to close, and this act of humanity suggests that this is the time to secure a relic or two of friendly recognition, which he may revel upon during the Winter, and therefore, he even condescends to alleviate our sufferings and conciliate our pity for him, by an occasional civility.

Then, it is becoming quite fashionable to be unfashionable, and some of the nobbiest of the nobby will be met at the Autumn retreat. If one wishes to visit the region of Upper Lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Adirondacks, Lake George, White or Catskill Mountains, the rich tints of Autumn, the cool nights, the absence of mosquitos and all the villianous creepers and crawlers of mid-summer, the stimulant air of a morning walk or an evening horseback ride, the athletic boat race, all combine to make the next two months the most fascinating of the year.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

The Bright Side.

I fully appreciate B.'s sympathy with poor housewives of Kansas. They surely have hard times, particularly those who live in the country so far from market as I do—12 miles—and when we get out of the essentials have to ride in a road wagon all day before we can get what we wish, and then no more than our money can buy, which is frequently very little. I will gladly receive all your recipes for making anything palatable. I have a good Cook Book, which is a splendid guide. There have also been many recipes in the BLADE that I have found excellent. I made the loaf cake, without eggs, and it was very good; do not know who gave the recipe.

I am fully aware of the fact that dried blackberries, currants and prunes, make good pies. We are now luxuriating upon vegetables of every character, such as tomatos, cucumbers, sweet potatos etc; also muskmelons and watermelons of gigantic size. Our corn fields look fine; had good wheat crops; perhaps that will buy us a variety and cause economy to abate to some extent. The peach crop is extensive, which will be a treat to many that have been hungry for fruit so many years.

Now, a word with regard to the "smart woman" who tells what she can do. She says "I am not a woman's rights woman, neither am I a "school marm." Well, I was a teacher, previous to four years ago 15 years. It became second nature to me, and was truly my first love. As for being a "woman's rights woman," I don't know; but I assure you I would enjoy equal rights, and, indeed, grasp at all the tiny privileges I can get. The lady said she was a farmer's wife. So am I; and have done all she has done, except harness horses, and many things she spoke of not doing. I do not approve of laboring so hard, but it has been a case of necessity. The motto here is: "Work or starve." The ladies and oxen do the principal part of the work, with all imaginable respect to the mules. I will give them a small amount of credit.

Kansas, I must acknowledge, has a bright side. The most beautiful country the sun ever shone upon, excellent water, a rich productive soil, and a delightful climate. Above all, it has the best laws of any State in the Union, particularly the "amendments." Notwithstanding the hardships the bright side overbalances the dark, and I expect to live, die and be buried in the Arkansas Valley. Come one, come all, and realize its pleasures and sacrifices. AGATHA.

Wichita, Kan.

Women in Profession.

I always peep into THE HOUSEHOLD Department of the BLADE, and, on one or two occasions, on knocking, have been admitted, though had I failed to receive admittance, I should make no effort to measure swords, or extinguish the BLADE, which is usually bright and sparkling. The editor is certainly very liberal to open the columns to so "Many men (and women) of many minds."

And while I do not always agree with everything that is offered, yet I cannot but remember that every one must view objects through his own glasses, whether green glasses or an opera glass, or, possibly a Coddington, while perhaps some not have so much as a pocket microscope, and must behold whatever they look upon with their unaided vision. The glass, and the position, and the distance very much modify the appearance of objects. The full moon looks as large as a wagon wheel to some visions—not larger than a pie tin to others. Now, my optics are a little different from those of some members of THE HOUSEHOLD, and as it is by means of the parallax that astronomers determine the distance of the heavenly bodies; so, perhaps, by a comparison of notes the patient heroine and genius who presides over this department of the BLADE will be enabled to measure the mental capacity of the average member of THE HOUSEHOLD, and serve up truth in proportion to the capacity of their moral stomachs.

I do not know that I have any objection to women voting if they wish to do so. It does not require a very great physical effort to pass a ballot, not judging from the specimens of the *genus homo* whom we see at the polls, a very superior moral or intellectual capacity to do the same. In what respect a woman voter is beyond her sphere my glasses fail to reveal, still the majority of women may not wish to vote. In this State (Missouri) women have the right to vote at school meetings. Some of them do so. There have been a few instances of women being elected Trustees. I believe, however, the great majority do not exercise their legal right, and I would not wish to see them compelled to do so. There is one fact, however, that has come under my observation. In the high schools the great majority of the graduates are girls. The same is true of the Normal schools. In colleges where they have been admitted they show themselves not inferior to their brothers. It was once a question whether a woman should learn the alphabet. Now, while her brother is clerking or holding down the dry goods boxes, she is pursuing her education, and in a few years, if this continues, the intellectual acquirements will be in favor of the woman.

Already women are supplanting men in the schoolroom, not only in the primary grades but in the high schools and colleges.

At one time it was not considered "proper" for women to speak in public, but now they are preaching and lecturing, and a few are practicing law, with what success, let those testify who have an opportunity of knowing.

Now, I confess to not having a very high degree of regard for the medical profession as we find it in actual practice. I think a vast amount of quackery and humbug may be found within the pill bags of the average physician. One reason is that our medical colleges graduate so many notoriously unqualified. Another reason is that the practice at best is empirical and that with the most careful practitioner it is in a great many cases very unsatisfactory.

Another fact to be taken into consideration is that three-fourths, if not nine-tenths of the practice of physicians is among women and children. Much of this practice, too, is of an exceptionally delicate character. The doctor is admitted into the sick chamber under circumstances in which all other men are excluded, and the physician would be except from necessity.

Here is the proper field for woman to exercise her peculiar tact and sympathy. Let her thoroughly prepare herself and enter the medical profession as her peculiar right and as her peculiar sphere of labor. When she enters the sick chamber let her be nurse and physician, and let a thorough medical education be supplemented by her peculiar intuition as to the needs of the sick. For treating children she is certainly better adapted than man. For treating her own sex there are certainly a great many cases in which from their delicacy, a woman physician would be preferable to a man. As far as the members of the male persuasion are concerned, they are better off without any medicine, and really need medical attendance so seldom that no one need have any fear of suffering, even though the family physician should be a woman.

How many members of THE HOUSEHOLD will venture upon this new departure? VERITAS.

To Aunt Fanny and Others.

As I step through the vine wreathed and flower scented portal of THE HOUSEHOLD, which is generously open to the genial possessor of the master mind, and the tired mother seeking help and rest, I can recognize the sisters as they busy themselves with their various occupations.

I think that is Mrs. Galpin, carefully perusing her newspaper; and here earnestly working for some charitable purposes, is "Jessamine" and her friends. We were glad to hear from you again "Jessamine." I feared you had deserted us, for some "Grizzly Bach," "Old Bach," or "Young Bach." Our places of abode are not so very far apart, and as the western breezes come gently over the intervening hills, methinks I can catch the odor of my cherished flower; I know that "Jessamine" and I have met. As I look out of the different windows of the home I catch glimpses of "Chatta Bella," the "Roses," and other lovers of flowers, making boquets for parlor and church decoration, for fairs, and these cunning buttonhole boquets. Some of the most lovely, no doubt, are for wedding occasions, and alas, I fear those delicate, wax like, white flowers are being cut to deck the polished coffin lid.

As I step to another window I see some one who must be "Fanny Field,"—or myself—trotting from kitchen to poultry yard, with dilapidated pails in her hands, to administer to the wants of her clamorous family. But I turn and pay my respects to the Queen of the Household, and beg leave to address "Aunt Fanny," who is gazing into her lap, while her restless hands creep noiselessly up and down the folds of her cashmere polonaise, and she is still wondering if other women have to ask their husbands for money to fix over their dresses with. I do not—some do—but I cannot believe that they are as happy as I am.

I will tell you how we do. We keep a book and put down everything we get. Each one has a little book and keeps an account of every cent paid out and every one received. Then once a week we copy these into a large book, foot up, set down the amount of cash on hand, in pockets and bank, and balance the account. Then we talk over what we expect to get the next week, and if my purse is low it is raised, and if it runs out of money during the next week I simply mention the fact, and it is replenished.

You should alway be particular about prefixing the date, as it serves as a valuable memoranda and will stand in Court against two witnesses in case any one tries to collect a bill the second time. Some say, "but I do not like to put down every thing I buy." You will get over that and besides no woman ought to buy anything she is ashamed to let her husband know. You will find it very interesting a few years hence to look over the accounts, and you can profit more than one can think, if you wish to cut down the expenses, for you can see what you have had in the past year that you can do without this. You can average the expenses and make an estimate of what you must have that you did not last year, and so know that you are not living beyond your means, as many do without knowing it, until ruin is staring them in the face. Of course at first it is a little difficult to remember to put down and date every item, but you will be repaid in the end. It is amusing to see how positive each will be, when a shortage occurs, that they did not forget anything, until they remember that ribbon and cheese, and "Philander" (beg pardon, "Aunt Bell") thinks of that shave last night. If there is an overplus of cash it comes often from a small amount received being placed in the wrong column, and as it counts as being paid out if placed there, of course you have twice the amount received over what the cash account calls for. Any grown girl can foot up the grocery bill, and book up with a little practice. If she cannot, she does not deserve to vote or get a husband either. I think that husband and wife ought to understand each other's affairs as well as partners in any business; would tell why if I had time and space.

MRS. McM.

School Government.

I have read with much interest, all that "Kansas Mother" and "Racy Max" have said in regard to whispering in the school room. I heartily indorse all that "Kansas Mother" affirms about the "roll call" method of preventing whispering.

First—I would ask "Kansas Teacher," what are the objects, in using such a plan?

Second—If he cannot depend entirely upon the method, why depend upon it at all? Now every good teacher has, or should have some object in all the methods used to secure discipline in the school room. This so called "roll call" method has, in my estimation, many deficiencies.

1st. It puts before the pupils a temptation.

2d. It is laying a price upon good.

3d. The motive, then, can not be a good one.

To constantly reward our pupils for doing right is certainly an act that leads the pupils (especially the bad) to practice deception on the teacher. There is a reward in every good act within itself; then it needs nothing more than the commendation of the teacher. I would impress it upon every teacher to make his pupils feel that they are oblized "to do right." Make them understand that they are obligated first to themselves, second to their playmates, and third to God himself.

Now, I beg leave to object to "Racy's" plan to prevent whispering. Yes, I agree, that depriving pupils of a recess is worse to all (not to some) than a *flogging*. No good teacher, however, will inflict such a punishment upon his scholars. To deprive them of their play time is depriving them of that which is theirs. Activity is a law of childhood; what then can be worse than taking their time? *It is cruel.* It deprives them of exercise so necessary and conducive to the rapid and true growth of the child. It deprives the teacher of the same privileges and likewise punishes *him*. After two hours' hard work, who desires to remain in doors and take no exercise? *Not I!* Now, in brief, I offer my plan. Since we know activity is a law of childhood, I would repeat the words of that great teacher, Pestalozzi: "*Accustom the child to do—*

EDUCATE THE HAND."

So long as we find something for each to do we will not be troubled by whispering or any of the similar offences.

Now, you ask, what may we find the small pupil to do—those who are too small to study. Well, I'll tell you; if you can find nothing in the school room to keep them still, why, send them out to play. But every expert teacher can find work for *all*. Draw the picture of some bone of the body, say the femur bone; then place under it in large letters the name. Have the small pupils draw it on their slates, and copy the name. Any object would do, say a lamp, bowl, or book. Now, I think any teacher should be able to draw passably well. If you cannot draw, secure words, printed in large letters on cardboard and place before the pupil to copy. I find that all offenses committed in the school room is when the pupil is *idle*. Therefore, *keep them busy; give them something to do*, or else they'll give you (teacher) something to do. I would be pleased to hear from "Kansas Teacher" again. B. E HAYES.

From an Unknown Friend.

I have long been a reader of the BLADE, and THE HOUSEHOLD is among the first to be perused. There are many of its writers I very much admire. "Cynthia" in the BLADE of the 25th is one that I am much pleased with. Cleanliness is a good failing, especially in the care of children. A clean child will be admired if it is not so richly dressed. Above all the little crib should be kept nice. I have a crib in our home, but it is empty now, for the little form has gone out from it forever, and the little head, with its wealth of golden curls, that once nestled on the snowy pillow of that crib is lying beneath the coffin lid, and the dear little hands are folded over the spotless robe, not more spotless and white than they. Yes, our darling's crib is empty now, for the death angel came in and robbed us of our treasure, but there is another little grave in the cemetery on the hill, blooming with flowers tended by the same hands that kept the crib nice for the dear one. Oh! mothers that have children, you may grow weary toiling for them, you may think for a moment you would like to lay down the burden of toil and care, but that weariness is nothing to the weary longing for their presence, when you can no longer hear the music of their voices or feel the loving embrace of those dear little arms around your neck; when you listen in vain for the bounding foot steps, and nothing comes to your ear but the ceaseless ticking of the clock, which seems to echo through the silent house, or when night comes on, and there is no little one to lisp to you its evening prayer and give a good night kiss; when you are weary with the toils of the day, no dear little hands to pat your cheek and say "Never mind Mamma, your little girl will soon grow a big big woman, then she can help Mamma oh, so much." Ah the heart ache that comes to a mother bereft of her treasure, God alone can know. "He doeth all things well!" He hath taken our darlings in his own dear arms, and I know when those pearly gates are opened for me, the little head with its golden curls will be once more pillowed upon my breast, then there will be no more weary days and dreary nights, all tears will be wiped away. O. J. M.

Dagus Mines, Pa.

Odds and Ends.

I presume the gentleman who prefers a "blank" rather than THE HOUSEHOLD is a selfish old bachelor. He certainly is, for if he had a wife her interest in THE HOUSEHOLD would deter him from making such a request. It would be a loss to a great number to have the department obliterated, for many of us have received valuable hints on numerous topics. We are not all inclined to write on the same subject, therefore the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD contain something of interest for each member.

I do not agree with the person who thought there were too many recipes for cooking and not enough articles on education and like topics. I do think, though, that we should not bring domestic trials before the public. I know quite well if my husband should displease me," I should not anger him by complaining to others. It rests with us alone to settle our difficulties and if I have not got enough influence over him or he over me to enable us to straighten out our domestic tangles amicably, we will not call in help. True love is lacking, or has grown cold when we fail to carry each others' burdens, and as "Veritas" said of dyspepsia, so say I of domestic troubles; "remove the cause" good people, and you will not have to apply to strangers for medicine.

Right here I should like to make a few remarks on the recipes for cooking in our columns. I hope we may have a reform in that department. If we provide healthier articles of diet for our families there will be less cause for chewing the linings of chicken gizzards, etc. My husband doctors on hygienic principles and I wish THE HOUSEHOLD to know that for 18 years I was afflicted with canker of the mouth and was cured simply by changing from a very rich diet to a simple one. Until my marriage, nine years ago I had lived chiefly on meats, cakes, pickles, rich sweetmeats, coffee and white bread. Pork, pickles, the richer cakes and sweet meats, also white bread we now use but seldom; but instead, Graham flour, oat meal, corn meal, rice, etc., etc., with an abundance of fruit, fills the bill, and we do not complain of indigestion. B.

Kansas Economy.

I noticed in the BLADE of July 14 an interesting and truthful letter from "An Observer," and know she has been there. Such has been the case (as she describes) here several times. The wrong ones get the benefit of the goods sent by Eastern friends. There are so many needy ones that are worthy, industrious people, and if they only had the cast off clothing of some of the "well to do ones" of THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD how comfortable they would be. Many children here are kept from school because they have not shoes, stockings or decent clothing. I wish those interested in THE HOUSEHOLD could see a cloak I made for my little girl for this Winter's school. It is made of five colors and has 42 different pieces in it. The lining is of two colors; the cloak (outside) is water-proof, a different color and the hood yet another color, while the facing is the remains of an old coat, making in all five colors but it is real nice, and just what was needed. I only wish I had material for two more just like it. I made my little girl nice, warm drawers for last Winter out of old pantaloons, lined with old calico. It takes such a small scrap to make a garment for little ones. I do hope I will be able some time to do more for the needy ones than I can now.

This KANSAS is a splendid place, if we could only have a little more rain. Our stock is having a serious time now on account of the water being so scarce. Nearly all the wells are dry in this Southern Kansas. Our gardens are all dried up, and no seed have matured so another year we will have to try again.

F. H.

Smyrna Lace.

As I have seen many patterns for lace in the BLADE, I will send one which I think very nice. It is called Smyrna lace:

Cast on 20 stitches.

1st row: Knit across plain.

2d row: Knit plain to the last 6 stitches; thread over 2, narrow, 1 plain, over 2; 3 plain.

3d row: 10 plain, over 2, narrow; 1 plain, over 2, narrow; 6 plain.

4th row: Like 2d.

5th row: 12 plain, over 2, narrow; 1 plain, over 2, narrow; 5 plain.

6th row: Like 2d.

7th row: 14 plain, over 2, narrow; 1 plain, over 2, narrow; 4 plain.

8th row: Like 2d.

9th row, 16 plain, over 2, narrow; 1 plain, over 2, narrow; 3 plain.

10th row, knit across plain: there should be 24 stitches on the needle.

11th row, slip 1, narrow, 1 plain; over 2, narrow, 1 plain; over 2, narrow, rest plain.

12th row, 5 plain, over 2, narrow, 1 plain over 2, narrow, 13 plain.

13th row like the 11th.

14th row, 6 plain, over 2, narrow, 1 plain, over 2, narrow, 11 plain.

15th row like the 11th.

16th row, 7 plain, over 2, narrow, 1 plain, over 2, narrow, 9 plain.

17th row like the 11th.

18th row, 8 plain, over 2, narrow, 1 plain, over 2 narrow, 7 plain.

This completes the pattern, the first loop of the over 2 must be knit and the 2nd loop dropped.—AGNES C. REA.

Agrees With Aunt Fanny.

I read "Aunt Fannie's" letter and can say that I fully indorse it. I pointed it out to my better half, as we have had so many talks on that subject. He said that he did not see how I could be so foolish, as I had helped him to get what we have. I knew that I could have the money when I wanted it, and that is all the satisfaction I get after 13 years of teaching one of the best of men, and my mother-in-law thinks that I can make him believe the moon is made of green cheese. (She lives with me by the way.)

But I think I have more influence through the stomach than any other way so will tell how to make good yeast and bread. Grate three large potatos, put in half a cup of salt, half a cup of sugar, turn on boiling water till it is like thick starch, let it cool and then add a cup of good yeast. When you sponge your bread take a cup of yeast to a quart of water, and stir as thick as you can with a spoon. The first time every thing depends on this, then knead and let rise again, then knead and put in tins, and if you are not happy I shall wonder.

One more recipe and I am done. It is for catarrh: Carbolic acid 5 drops in a teacupful of soft water, to be snuffed up in the head, three or four times a day. Try it one week and you will keep on I know until cured.

MINNESOTA.

A Little More About Dyspepsia and Other Diseases.

Some time ago "An Old Contributer" asked for a cure for dyspepsia, and as I have had that horrible disease for a number of years and have cured myself perfectly, I thought it would be doing no more than right to give it to those who are suffering (as I did) more than a hundred deaths. Take a quart bottle and fill it as full as you can with pressed hops, and put into this one pint of alcohol, then shake it up occasionally for one hour fill up the bottle with water and shake it ready for use. The dose is one teaspoonful just before each meal in a little water. Now if "Old Contributor," or any one that is troubled with that horrible disease, will take this and eat or drink nothing that disagrees with the stomach, he will be a well man in one year's time, and he will not inherit a longing for alcoholic drinks either, but he will see the benefit of hop extract on the digestive organs, and in strengthening the stomach.

For deafness, rheumatism and neuralgia there is nothing equal, for a sure cure, to rattle snake oil. I have known it to cure the sciatic rheumatism of three month's standing in four day's time, and a case of neuralgia in one hour, and I have also known of quite a number of cases of deafness to be cured with it.

J. CLEVELAND.

McGregor, Ia., Clayton Co.

Inquiries.

Can any of the band tell me where the petrifying lakes are situated in Colorado, where anything put in their waters become covered with a coating like stone?—F. H.

I have been waiting for some time, hoping some one would call for "Flora's" way of making bread and yeast. As they did not, I will do so myself. Will some one please tell me if tulips will come true from seed, and if verbena seed needs more care than other flower seeds to make them grow? I sowed seed in May, but they did not grow.—FARMER'S WIFE.

Will some reader of the BLADE send me the following songs: "Never Court but One"; "Down on the Swanee River"; "Silver Threads Among the Gold"; "Courting in the Rain"; "Old Folks at Home." Address Box 65, Reno, Hendricks Co., Ind.

Will some experienced cook please give me through the BLADE a recipe for the best way to make bread with yeast cakes?

Will some one from down South who is in some healthy place write through THE HOUSEHOLD all about it, where situated and what they raise?

Will some one tell me if I can keep mocking-birds up North? Where can I get them and at what price?—B. F.

A recipe for yeast bread is given in THE HOUSEHOLD columns today. The question in regard to mocking birds has been answered within the last few weeks. Look in the back numbers and you will find the information you want given at length.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some of the BLADE readers having the August, 1880 number of "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly" please give me their address, and oblige?—A. S. BARBER, Howard City, Montcalm Co., Mich.

I want to know how to preserve citron and how to prepare it to preserve; also how to prepare and can peas, and a good recipe for omelette. Does anyone know of some way to blacken and polish stoves without so much elbow grease being used? My supply is rather small, and I should like to learn of some other way.

If a person should come to visit me, and on leaving the train I should ask them to take the 'bus with me a short distance, would it be my place to pay the fare for both, or would it be proper for my friend to pay her own fare? Please enlighten me.—MARY.

It would be a very proper and pleasant thing for you to pay the fare if you are pecuniarily able. Etiquet is sometimes determined by the relative positions of individuals.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some one please tell how to cure stammering? Where can I secure a book entitled "Method of Education" by Jean Paul?—SCHOOL BOY.

Send to a bookseller who will procure it for you if he has not got it in his stock.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some one please give a recipe for making tomato pie?—MRS E. C. STOWE.

Will "Kathleen Smith," who offered advice to "Mamie" about painting on silk please give me her address, as I would like to write to her?—MRS J. G. GARVIN, Webster City, Iowa.

Can any of the members of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the music of the song entitled "A Life on the Ocean Wave?"—MISS NELLIE DRAKE, Monticello, Wright Co., Minn.

Will "Chatta Bella" please send me her address?—MRS. EMILY JONES, Kirkville, Iowa.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE furnish me with any of the following songs: "The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," "Rory O'More," "Put My Little Shoes Away?" Address—AGNES SCUGER, Xenia, Clay Co., Ills.

Answers to Inquiries.

Please say to "New Subscriber:" Let your little girl eat freely of slippery elm bark. I have heard it highly recommended, and, as it is perfectly harmless, should give it a thorough trial. Will she please report through the BLADE if it proves beneficial?

2. Tell Susan Allenville to pare her tomatoes, and can as she would any other fruit, taking care to have them thoroughly cooked, and I think she would have no trouble. Wrap a cloth around the cans while filling, to prevent breaking.—AUNT PATTIE.

To paint on silk, satin or other material than paper or canvas, with oil colors:

First take the colors from the tubes on a piece of coarse brown wrapping paper. This will absorb the oil, leaving the paint almost dry. Tack the material to be painted to a board as smoothly as possible. If your paints are now dry, mix them with turpentine or megilp instead of oil; mix on a pallette, of course. Draw the outline of the figure to be painted, *very lightly* with crayon, carefully covering it with paint, as it cannot be erased.

If water colors are used put a little gum arabic in the water to prevent rubbing or running.—PAINTING TEACHER.

We could not get on without THE HOUSEHOLD Department. The cabbage worm is from a white butterfly. A person of observation will see them flitting from plant to plant laying their nits one at a time. The Winninestadt withstands their ravages better than other varieties.—J. W. B.

If the lady from Missouri asking for Sabbath School papers is still in need of them and will send her address on postal to K. J. J., Appanwood, Hancock Co., Ill., we will send her a package we have collected and failed to send by having lost her address.—K. J. J., Appanwood, Ill.

I for one will join "Moss Rose's" Floral Society. This is the first time anything has been sent to THE HOUSEHOLD from my family, although my husband has taken the BLADE for the last 18 or 19 years. We are both great lovers of flowers and have a large collection of geraniums, double and single fuschias, calla lillies, cactus and alves and other plants, which I will name in the future. I think a plant loses one-half of its attraction if we do not know its name.—MRS E. S. TUTTULL, Epworth, Dubuque County, Iowa.

I have received several answers to my request for a part of "Kittie Wells," and thank all for them.—EDITH C. STOWE, Garden Prairie, Boone County, Ills.

Recipes.

CHOW CHOW.

In answer to L. T. H. in the BLADE of August 18th, I will give my recipe for making chow chow, which I know to be excellent and it grows better by standing: 1 peck of green tomatos, 6 large onions, (and I add a cabbage head) chop fine, mix with 1 cup of salt, Let it lie over night then drain, add 2 qts of vinegar, 1 of water, boil 15 mins, then drain, then add 2 lbs of sugar, 1 qt of vinegar, ½ lb white mustard seed, 1 small spoonful of cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoonfuls each of allspice, cinnamon, cloves, ginger and mustard. Mix thoroughly and boil 20 mins.—EDITH C. STOWE.

CHOW CHOW (NO. 2.)

1 qt. small cucumbers 1 qt. green tomatos, 1 qt onions 2 qts. cabbage shaved; 1 qt. cauliflower, 1 teacupful of mustard, 1 oz turmeric, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of flour, 1 gal. vinegar, 3 small green peppers; stir the mustard, turmeric, flour and sugar in a little of the vinegar and add after the other ingredients have been boiled tender in the rest of the vinegar.

TOMATO KETCHUP.

Tomatos ½ bushel, salt 6 ozs. allspice ground 6 drms., yellow mustard 1 oz., black pepper ground 3 ozs., cloves ground 6 drms., mace or nutmeg 3 drms., cayenne pepper 2 drms., 1 gal. vinegar. Cut the tomatos up and boil in their own liquor until quite soft and rub through a fine seive; boil down the pulp and juice to the consistence of apple butter (thick) stirring all the time, then add the spice stirred up with the vinegar: let it boil a few moments then bottle.—O. J. M.

GRAHAM BREAD.

Set at night with white flour, yeast and warm water a thin sponge. In the morning add half a cup of sugar, and stir in your Graham flour (without sifting) until you have a batter so stiff, you can scarcely move your spoon through it. Let this raise for a short time, then stir a few times, scrape into a buttered bake-pan, and raise the second time. If your pan is not quite half full of the batter let it raise two-thirds full. You must use judgment and as I seldom cook by measure and cannot tell just the amount of sponge you will want you will have to use your taste in sweetenings. Do not uses molasses if you want nice, light, flaxy bread. You can use Graham flour just as well as bolted flour and make splendid rolls, buns, gems, etc. The only difference is, that in making into dough you must not knead it into stiff leaves or knead it long, or let it raise as light as white bread.—B.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.

I want to tell the mothers who have little ones how I make Blackberry cordial. It is so good for summer complaint; blackberry juice, 1 pt; brandy 1 oz; 1 teaspoonful cinnamon; ½ teaspoonful each cloves and spice; 1 pt. white sugar, put spices in bags; boil all together and then bottle. MARY.

An advertisement for correspondence signed "Daniel McBride, Abilene, Kansas," was published in last week's BLADE with other advertisements. We call attention to it for two reasons: One, that the advertiser was disappointed that it did not appear in this department; the other that it gives us an opportunity to say once for all that advertisements are not admitted into THE HOUSEHOLD. Did we do that we should be overrun with them and there would be room for nothing else.

We have received many inquiries for the recipe, or the address of the person who gave the egg recipe, for the cure of rupture. We have neither, and though we have inserted such inquiries, obtain no answer. We trust this explanation will satisfy all who have sent us letters upon the subject, without exacting individual answers.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP.

A Talk With the Engineer Who Ran the Famous Engine.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 6.—Engineer Page was the man who brought the President through safely to-day. He was a most striking figure on the train as it rushed up in front of the Elberon this afternoon. His long beard was floating in the wind, which was blowing in from the sea. His swarthy face was covered with dirt and cinders. He stood erect and firm, and with an air of pride in every feature that showed he was conscious of a duty well performed. A representative of the Chicago *Times* boarded the engine as he moved out from the Elberon to the West End Hotel Station, and during that short time had a chat with him about the trip.

"Did she behave well to day on the trip?" was asked.

"Behave well? I should say so. She seemed to feel all that was required of her. When on ordinary occasions I take her over the road she goes with a jerk like, and raising herself, and goes galloping down, puffing and snorting; but this morning she glided away as gently as a lady's mare, and even when I put her to her best—she went on at the rate of a mile in 53 seconds—she seemed to hold her breath."

As he said this, he leaned out of the cab and looked at the engine as fondly as a rider would at his favorite horse.

"Then you did not limit the speed to 45 miles an hour, which was intended?"

"Oh, no. That, you see, would only have been three quarters of a mile to a minute, and a good deal of the way we made more than a mile per minute."

"Did the doctors and the President know that you were going at that speed?"

"They did not, the first time I let her go, and I'll tell you," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "how I came to do it. We left Washington at 6:37 this morning. We ran down to Patapsco, 37 miles out, at the limited rate. There we stopped three minutes. This stop, like all the other stops made on the way, was made to change cars, to water, and allow the physicians to attend on the President. I saw one of the attendants—I guess it was Col. Rockwell—coming down the platform, and I called out to him: 'How is the President?' You see, though I was not sure who he was, I felt safe in calling him Colonel. 'He is doing fine, Page,' came back the answer. 'And does he feel the motion?' I asked. 'Not at all. Why, you are going as smoothly as a carriage over an asphalt pavement.'

"Was it there you began to think of running a little faster?"

"Well, yes; but as Bay View, our next stopping place, was only eight miles farther, I did not try until we started from Bay View to Perryville, 78 miles out from Washington. They sent word that the President had been doing better and better as the distance from the White House was increasing, so I thought I would watch the engine, and if she went smoothly, try one mile a little faster. Lamokin, the next halt, was 46 miles farther on. The engine behaved beautifully, and half way beyond Bay View and Lamokin I went on the trial and went one mile in 43 seconds. I did not feel a jolt or jar as we went tearing down the track, but I knew then it the President had a mind he might get the sea breeze sooner. We stopped seven minutes at Lamokin. I called out to one of the attendants, 'Did you notice any extra motion when we were going faster?'

"'Why, no,' was the reply; 'were we traveling faster than 45 miles an hour?' 'Yes, sir,' says I; 'we went one mile in 53 seconds.' 'Well,' said he, 'I did not notice it, and I am sure the President did not. I will go and ask.' Pretty soon I saw him coming down the platform. 'Page, whip her up,' he called out. 'The President did not feel any extra motion.' They were all delighted to hear that we were getting along faster, and the President said to him, 'Go ahead. I want to get there.' 'Does he continue to improve?' I asked. 'Yes, he said a short time ago, "I feel as if I were on the road to recovery."'

"After these stops, you went pretty much at the speed you thought best, according to your knowledge of the road?"

"Pretty much as I thought best."

"And the engine behaved well, right straight through to Elberon?"

"Yes, sir; right straight through. She ran more smoothly than she is running now, and I warrant you are not much shaken up at this moment. She will be the most famous engine on the road. She has gained a national reputation to-day."

"How many more long stops did you make?"

"At Lamokin we stopped seven minutes; at Gray's Ferry, which is 30 miles out, eight minutes; at Tulleytown—but see here, I have written it out on a slip of paper."

With these words Engineer Page exhibited a slip of paper smeared with dust and cinders.

Our Young Folks.

For the Blade.

DAFFODIL.

BY M. L. MINARD.

Fragrant little blossom,
Blooming all alone;
Greeting me with gladness,
Darling little one;
Near thy velvet pillow,
Angel feet have trod;
And thy form was fashioned,
By the hand of God.

Ev'rou little blossom,
Thou I hear you say—
"Why was I created
In this plan way?
For I hear the robins
Laughing as they thrill—
Though an early blossom
'Tis but a daffodil!"

Darling little blossom,
Beauty, love and grace
Are not always blended
In a handsome face;
Each has a station
He may nobly fill,
Though it may be lonely
As the daffodil.

Scio, O.

LOST PINS.

"What becomes of the pins?"
Asked a bright little girl,
As she tossed from her shoulder
A troublesome curl;
"The hair pins and shawl pins,
The pins large and small—
Can any one tell what
Becomes of them all?"

"Oh! they change into turtles,"
Said her brother so wise,
While he laughed in his sleeve
At her look of surprise;
"Through some sly little crack
In the ground they creep in—
When, of course, they become
On the spot *terrapin*."
—*Agnes Carr, in August Wide Awake.*

PHIL'S BURGLAR.

I am Phil Morris, 14 years old, and the youngest clerk in Covert Savings Bank. The cashier is my uncle Jack, and he began at the bottom, where I am, when *he* was a boy. He says that a boy had better grow up with a country Bank than go West and grow up with the country. He thinks there's more money in it.

"If there's anything in you," he said one day, "you'll work your way up to be Bank President some time." And I guess it's better to be President of a country Bank than to be President of the United States. Anyway, you wouldn't have to be shot before folks began to find out that you were doing your level best to keep things straight. Uncle Jack says and does such queer things sometimes that people say he's odd. They tell about his being so wrapped up in our Bank that he never had time to hunt up a wife. I notice, though, that when father and mother died, and left me a wee little baby, Uncle Jack found time to bring me up, and give me a good education to boot. Oh, he's as good as gold or government bonds, Uncle Jack is.

We live in rooms over the Bank, where old Mrs. Halstead keeps house for us. Underneath we do the business. There's heaps of money in our two big vaults. Last summer—and, mind you, this was while I was away on vacation—two men broke into the building. They came up stairs, and into Uncle Jack's room. One had a bull's eye lantern that he dashed in Uncle Jack's face as he sat up in bed, and the other pointed a big pistol right at his head.

"Tell us where the vault keys are, or I'll shoot you," he said.

"Oh, Uncle Jack," I broke in, when he was telling me about it, "what *did* you do?"

"What would you have done?" he asked, in his odd way.

"I know what I *wouldn't* have done?" I answered him, straightening up a bit—"I wouldn't have given 'em the keys."

"Ah!" Uncle Jack says, kind of half doubtful, and then went on: "Well, I told them to shoot away. And they knew as well as I did that shooting wouldn't bring them the keys. So when they found they couldn't frighten me, the scoundrels tied me, and went off

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. All communications should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Windgalls.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

Tell Franklin Fair, of Big Grove, Ia., if the puffs (windgalls) are just appearing on horses, they may be scattered somewhat by a strong decoction of white oak bark and alum. They may be reduced by blistering from subsequent contraction of the skin; so the liquid lymph may be drawn out with a hypodermic syringe, after which a wet bandage should be applied over the part. If there is heat and tenderness in connection with the windgalls it must be treated with fomentations and a high-heeled shoe, as recommended for such disabilities. As a rule simple windgalls, being so common, often appearing on colts and doing no injury, had better not be meddled with, unless there is inflammation attending them.—E. S. N., New Holland, Ill.

Some Questions and Some Information.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Will you or some one of the readers of the BLADE please answer the following:

First—When are the "eggs" on the sprig-tail in proper condition for use, and how are they prepared for the table?

Second—Is it necessary to take up the young seedlings of the hardy Catalpa (Speciosa) grown from seed the present year and bury them this Fall, or can they be left in the nursery rows, as far north as Independence, Iowa?

Third—Is it a safe way to put seed corn in a moderately dry cellar during Winter?

Say to all who are trying to raise cabbage, that the best remedy to stop the work of the green worm, is an occasional use of salt and red pepper, applied either dry or with water.—SUNSHINE, Independence, Iowa.

Is It Injurious?

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Does any one of the BLADE readers know if sorghum skimmings is injurious to stock and if it is good to feed to hogs?—PAUL HAASS, Harper, Ks.

Milk Sickness.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

As there are a good many cattle dying here with milk sickness every year, I would like to know of any remedy that would cure the disease.—SALSNA COON, Lakin, Jasper Co., Ill.

Transpiration of Eggs.

We copy the following from the *Poultry World* for the current month:

The transpiration of eggs, or *loss of material through the pores of the egg shell*, is the principal cause of the decay, or loss of freshness, in eggs long kept. Solid and impervious to air as the shell appears on a cursory examination, and doubly protected as the liquid contents seem to be by the close tissue of the double membranes lining the shell and enveloping the white, it is still subject to a daily loss of a portion of the matter it contains. And since "nature abhors a vacuum," the place first occupied by the now dissipated fluid becomes filled with air, and consequently the egg has started the elements of decay. Paradoxical as it may seem, the air, so vitally necessary to the support of all animal life, instill within itself, because of the foreign particles commingled with it, the seeds of dissolution and of putrefaction; and all dead animal or vegetable matter left exposed to its action soon becomes, not only repulsive, but detrimental to human beings.

A fresh or new egg is full, without any vacancy, as is abundantly proved by breaking it either before or after it is cooked; but in all stale eggs there is more or less vacancy, and this can readily be seen by holding the egg to the light.

It is a fact that temperature has much to do in hastening or retarding the transpiration of eggs. Kept in a cool cellar, or in an ice-house, the loss in weight and in freshness is much less than in a warmer atmosphere. But a complete exclusion of air is necessary for a reliable method of preserving eggs, and this can only be accomplished by making the egg shell at once and completely air tight. Various methods have been devised for this purpose. A varnish made of shellac dissolved in spirits of wine, and applied to the egg, kept it absolutely fresh for a year. But it was somewhat expensive, and not always attainable, and a cheaper and more convenient material for stopping pores in the shell was found in common fat—that of beef and mutton melted together being most efficient. When a quantity of this was melted and the egg dipped and taken out at once, it was found to be perfectly sealed, and it was proved that it would keep for a twelvemonth. The great advantage which fat has over varnish is that when boiled the egg parts easily with the greasy covering, while the varnish only becomes moist and sticky, without separating from the shell.

Salt, for packing eggs, has been found useful in preserving them, as has also quicklime and salt. The following recipe we can guarantee as perfectly satisfactory: To one pint of salt and one pint of lime add four gallons of boiling water. Shake the lime first in a small quantity of hot water. When cold, put it in stone jars or anything that will not absorb the liquor; a vessel of wood or brown earthenware will not do. Then with a dish, let down your fresh eggs into it, tipping the dish after it fills with water so that they will roll out without cracking the shell; for if the shell is cracked, the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh; they should not be over two or three days old. Keep them covered in a cool place, and they will keep fresh for a year. But the eggs must be perfectly fresh, new-laid eggs, not over two or three days old, when they go into the pickle, or you will not be satisfied with the result. You cannot bring back the pristine freshness of the eggs when once it has fled by immersing them in the above preparation, or in any other that we have ever heard of. The latest method for keeping them is said to be the most effectual, as it is certainly more convenient for transportation, than any other. Crystallized eggs, or evaporated eggs, are said to be fully equal to fresh eggs when the same amount of water is added which belonged to the original egg. They will keep for any length of time, like any other completely dried article. But we cannot help wondering why some inventive Yankee has not applied to eggs, as well as to almost everything else, the plan of *hermetically sealing* them. So many difficulties in other things have been overcome that we see no reason why the difficulties here should not be set aside.

Sheep Grazing.

A correspondent writing from Colorado sheep grazing region says: "Alfalfa has proved to the Colorado rancheman that more sheep can be kept on a given area of land than was ever dreamed of by the most enthusiastic ranchman of the plains. This plan may be considered by some as visionary and impracticable. It is the only way to meet the continual emergencies arising in Texas, Colorado and many other sections now suffering from the lack of sufficient feed and shelter; these two are the only lacking essentials of the Texas Missouri country, and they have to be met somehow. Thousands of sheep will be driven next Fall to cheap corn in Kansas and Missouri for Wintering, and back again to Summer pasturage in other States. Large capitalists are preparing cattle ranches upon a more secure method for future handling. With sheep it is more imperative, practical and cheaply done. This will necessitate the owning of the lands and establishing of homes, where comforts and culture may surround the owners or attendants of the flocks. It is the right way, and the sooner adopted by the wool growers of the South and West the better. It has been evident to observers that flocks and herds have had to go further out, year by year, to find pasturage. Some ranges are left as untenable, but subdued and ready for fencing and tame grasses, that, with another system of handling, would support more and better improved flocks than the wild grasses did."

Castor Beans in Kansas.

The black or mulatto soils are best for castor beans. They are slow to sprout, but will come up in about two weeks from planting, if the ground is moist and warm. I do not plant or plow until my ground is in that condition; plant with a corn planter, adjusted to drop two beans in a hill, from two to three inches deep. When the third or fourth leaf is developed, I thin the plants to one in a hill, unless the weather is cool and cloudy, as then the cut worms are at work and may carry the thinning process too far. One stalk in a hill puts out large branches, and produces more beans than when there are more and smaller stalks. Prefer the dark gray variety, that produces a green or coffee-colored stalk. Plant two quarts per acre, and cultivate same as corn, four times at least, and aim to disturb the roots while small as little as possible. Begin gathering beans from August 1st to 15th, in a long ten or fifteen bushel box, placed on a one horse sled, having two boys take two rows on each side. Go over the field once a week until frost comes, and have had no beans that ceased producing until then. Have a smooth, hard, dirt floor, well exposed to the sun, for them to snap on. When brought from the field, I throw them in piles or ricks three or four feet high, and let them remain for four or five days, keeping each day's gathering by itself. Then, with a four tined fork, I spread them on the yard three to four inches thick. If rained on when in ricks, they should be spread out to dry as the weather clears and yard dries, or they will mould and fail to snap out. After those exposed to the sun have snapped, turn over with the fork; when well snapped, rake off the hulls and clean the beans with a fanning mill; have found the Excelsior mill satisfactory. If rain threatens when beans are on the yard, I sweep up those wholly or partially snapped and cover with boards or something that will shed water. Sell my beans in this county from September to December, at an average of one dollar per bushel, and my crop has never been more than nineteen nor less than twelve bushels per acre. Think they neither exhaust nor enrich the soil to any considerable extent, and no insects except cut-worms trouble them. Have not personally known of any losses of stock from eating, and think animals will not eat them unless the beans are concealed in other feed. It costs but little if any more to raise an acre of castor beans than corn. When the ground is frozen, I break the stalks down by the same means as I do corn stalks and they are but little trouble.—*John McGuire in Kansas Agricultural Report.*

Summer Planting in the Garden.

Mr. W. D. Philbrick writes in the New England *Homestead* of July 23:

The gardener is constantly planting and also constantly harvesting something all the year round. Just now is the time to sow onion seed for Winter onions, and pansy seed for next Spring's plant.

For an onion bed select land with a slight natural declivity, not enough to make it wash badly, but enough to drain off surface water rapidly; the land should also be a mellow loam, and should receive a heavy dressing of fine manure plowed under in July. About the last of July throw the land in ridges or beds five feet wide with a small plow, making the furrows run in the direction of the most rapid fall, so that surface water will rapidly drain off. Rake the beds down as soon as plowed, and sow the onion seed very thick, about 10 pounds per acre. The onions will need hoeing and weeding two or three times in the Autumn; and after the ground is frozen in November, cover them very lightly with coarse litter, just enough to shade them a little from the sun and wind of early spring. Rake off this covering in April, and in May the onions will be fit to pull and sell in bunches before the set onions or Bermuda ones comes in. The crop is not a sure one—the Winter kills it about one year in three—but it always sells well.

Pansy seed may be sown in August for making fine, strong plants for next Spring. They may be transplanted into cold frames in September, and will flower under glass in February and March, by giving a little care to cover them with mats and shutters at night. Make the bed for pansies very rich with plenty of good compost manure. Under the shelter of a fence they often flower in the open air in March.

Law Regarding Swarms of Bees.

The law with regard to bees is rather peculiar, says the London Law Times. A dispute as to the ownership of a swarm came recently before Mr. W. F. Woodthorpe, the judge of the Belper County Court, and it was contended that, being *feræ naturæ*, there could be no property in them, and that, therefore, the plaintiff, from whose land they had strayed to that of the defendant, could not demand their return or damages for their loss. It was proved, however, that the plaintiff had followed the swarm on their departure from his own land, and had not lost sight of them until he saw them alight in the defendant's garden. On the strength of the following passage from Blackstone (vol. II., p 592)—"Bees are *feræ naturæ*," but when hived and reclaimed, a man may have a qualified property in them by the law of nature as well as by the civil law. Occupation—that is, hiving or inclosing them—gives the property in bees, for, though a swarm lights upon my tree I have no more property in them till I have hived them, than I have in birds which make their nest thereon; and therefore, if another hives them, he shall be their proprietor, but a swarm which flies from and out of my hive are mine as long as I can keep them in sight, and have power to pursue them, and in these circumstances no one else is entitled to take them"—judgment was entered in favor of the plaintiff for the amount claimed as the value of the truant bees.

Keeping Apples.

Some correspondents last year advocated keeping apples in damp cellars, claiming that they preserve better than in dry cellars. Vick, in his last Magazine, says of this matter: "The evidence is accumulating that apples keep better in moist, or damp, cellars than in dry ones. It is probable that this may be established as a fact. It would no doubt be a blessing to most country houses, in a sanitary point of view, if their cellars were used only for small supplies of vegetables, and that they should at all times be ventilated as well as possible. Special cellars for fruit and vegetables are in use in some parts of the country. The walls rise only a foot above the surface of the ground; they are covered with a double floor, filled in between with sawdust, and over all is a roof. If room is desirable, low walls, one story above ground, can support the roof."

Mr. VanDyke's Good Shot.

San Diego Union.

Van Dyke, of Fall Brook, lately came upon a wildcat and four kittens upon a large rock. He pulled trigger and the ball struck the nearest kitten in the neck, the splinters striking one in the ear, another in the breast, and the main portion passing on, killing the mother cat. This was done with an ounce round rifle ball, with a gimlet hole bored in front, half-way through, so as to make it expand.

The Power of the Press.

In no way is the power of the press more surely shown than in the universal knowledge that has in less than a year been diffused throughout fifty million of people of the wonderful curative properties of that splendid remedy, Kidney Wort. And the people from the Atlantic to the Pacific have shown their intelligence and their knowledge of what is in the papers by already making Kidney Wort their household remedy for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels.—*Herald.*

The Sunday School.

Temperance.

LESSON 13, SUNDAY, SEPT. 25, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—1 Cor. 9: 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

1 Cor. 9: 22 27.

22. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.

23. And this I do for the gospel's sake, that I might be partaker thereof with you.

24. Know ye not that they which run in a race run well, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain.

25. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

26. I therefore now run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air.

27. But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

To the weak became I as weak (v. 22.)—The easiest things in this world are most always the hardest. A great many since the days of Naaman the Syrian have found it hard to do an easy thing, when it would have been easy to do some hard thing. All of us enjoy becoming or seeming as strong as the strong; but we have a very different feeling about showing ourselves as weak to to the weak. A little child is ready to measure his strength with his parents, to show how much he can lift, or how fast he can run, or how high he can stretch himself. Larger boys and girls seem to be able to do as much as their fellows, in their sports, in their studies and in all their undertakings. Men and women seldom outgrow wholly this childish trait. They want it to be understood that they are about as well posted as the average, on every subject that comes up for discussion, and that they've as much strength of purpose and of character as those they are talking with. It is not a common thing to find a person evidently seeking to show that he is on a level to one below him in knowledge, in cultivation, or in strength of body, mind, or will. Yet it would be a great deal easier for us to stoop than to reach beyond our height. And when our stooping is for a good purpose, it looks better than to see us straining to seem more than we are. We are more likely to succeed in it too. It always gives us a better opinion of a man to see him trying to enter into children's ways and plays. A lady peculiarly shows herself the lady in seeking to put an humble visitor at her ease by so far conforming to the methods and evident tastes of the weaker one as to shield her from an embarassment by an unpleasant contrast. A loving parent invariably appears to advantage who will give up wine or tobacco, who will guard his temper and speech, who will be careful of his example or occupation and in amusements, so that he may induce his tractable child to do just as he does in these things. This becoming as weak to the weak is the soul of courtesy; it is a proof of unselfishness; it is a source of the most helpful sympathy; it is so far a following of the Lord himself who stoops in condescension to the weakness of his children.

All things to all men, that I might by all means save some. Not that I might win some but that I might save some. There is a great deal of this "being all things to all men" in order to win over as many as possible to our own side in politics, or in trade or in religion; in order to give us popularity, or influence, or position. This is not Paul's idea of adapting one's self to the prejudices and preferences of one's fellows. His desire was for their welfare, not for his own. Unless we are possessed with his desire, we have no right to claim credit for imitating his method. The man who sits up all night to watch his neighbor's property in order that he may guard it from robbers, deserves praise for his unselfish services; not so the man who sits up all night watching that same property in the hope that he may carry off a share of it. Yet both of these men sit up all night watching their neighbor's property; their purposes make the difference between them. It is very commonly to a man's shame—although he doesn't realize it—that he can say that he tries to be all things to all men; for he has an eye to his own welfare in his studying to please. It is never to man's shame that he is all things to all men with a single purpose of saving men. Such a man would gladly yield popularity and be an apparent loser himself if only those for whom he labored could thereby be saved. There is no fear of his abandoning any principle through a love of "trimming."

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? (v. 24.)—There is a great deal of running and a very little winning in this world. No matter what the race is, a large share of those who enter for it are counted out as failures before the prize is awarded. There is only now and then a good boot-black, or a good carpenter, or a good clerk, or a good cook, or a good doctor, or a good minister—that is, a real good one, a success in his or her line, one who is wanted in preference to the crowd of applicants in that sphere. There is no greater mistake than for a young man or a young woman to think that getting a good place insures success, that getting a place is holding a place, or that holding a place is filling a place. If mere numbers must settle the chances of success in a struggle for a front place in the ranks of life, the probability is that you will prove a failure in the line of your expectations. That has been the commoner experience of those who have tried it so far. Know ye not this? You ought to have it in mind to begin with, if you would be one of those who do succeed.

So run that ye may obtain. That's it. Don't be fooled with the idea that entering for the race wins the race, nor be frightened out of running because so many before you have tried it and failed. Take hold of this thing as if you meant business, and determined that you'll succeed or die, and that you have no thought of dying. So run that ye may win. Understand what you've got to do and do it. There is one help for one kind of business, and another for another kind. Be sure of the sort that will help in your line, and have that. A cigarette and a fancy cane for a young man, and tozzled or banged hair and a high colored parasol for a young woman, are not nearly so often the helps to success in one's life race as you might suppose from the prominence given to them by those who are setting out in their course. You ought to have just those things which will give you an advantage over your competitors in the line of your struggle for success. These things may be of acquirement, and they may be in abandonment. They may be of endeavor and they may be of self-denial. Whatever they are feel that you must have them, at any and every cost, for you are running to win. There is no hope of winning without the feeling. Feeling this way you may be reasonably sure of winning.

Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things (v. 25)—And to be temperate in all things is to be abstinent from some things; for temperance is the well-timed use of ourselves and of all that of which we partake. It is all very well for learned men to say that temperance isn't total abstinence; but when Paul speaks here of the temperance of those who struggled for the mastery in the Isthmian games he doesn't mean that they took moderate sniffers of strong drink and belle-boys, and tapered off with reasonable drinks of native wines. Those fellows who had a prize to win there in Corinth, knew too much about their business to indulge "moderately" in intoxicating beverages. They let all such stuff alone—at all events until they were through with their struggle for the mastery and could settle down to discuss the theological aspects of this question without any fear of losing money by sharing a drink with a literal rabbi. And it is the same to-day. Men who have money or reputation at stake in the training of contestants in a prize ring or on a race-course, will insist that temperance means total abstinence in the liquor line. Not until the fight or the race is over will they agree with the liquor-loving divine who says that temperance forbids letting wine and strong drink alone.

I keep under my body and bring it into subjection; lest . . I myself should be a castaway (v. 27.)—Paul says he had a hard time with himself, a regular set-to every day, and that he was afraid to take things any easier lest he should make a wreck of himself. Do you think you can get on any easier than Paul? Is your will any stronger than his? Is your mind better balanced? What reason have you for thinking that you can feel safer about yourself than Paul felt about himself, if you indulge in dangerous beverages, and unholy occupations? A great many ministers, and laymen, and women, in the Christian Church have become castaways because they did not feel it necessary to keep their bodies under by denying themselves intoxicating liquors, and a great many more future castaways are doubtless now rejoicing in a calm view of their safety in taking an occasional drink, while they profess to be striving for the mastery in the Christian race.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

Let's Swap.

Boston Post.

Canada is dissatisfied with its Indian policy. How will it swap for ours?

TRAIN ROBBERS.

A Passenger Train Stopped 14 Miles from Kansas City by 12 Men,

Who Rob the Express Car and All the Passengers.

Even the Ladies Compelled to Take Off Their Earrings.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 8.—The Republican's Independence special, received at 3:30 this morning, says passenger train No. 48, on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, was stopped and robbed by 12 masked men, four miles east of Independence and 14 miles from Kansas City, at 9 o'clock last night. The express car was broken open, and Messenger Fox, refusing to give up the key, was so terribly beaten that he cannot live. The amount taken is not known, but is estimated at from $5 000 to $20,000. After going through the express car, all the passengers were robbed of money and watches, amounting to several thousand dollars. The robbers were heavily armed and kept up a continuous firing of pistols to intimidate the passengers. Several shots were fired at Conductor Hazlebaker, but he escaped unhurt.

The whole affair occupied less than 15 minutes, and was done very systematically. After securing the booty the whole party rode off into the wood.

The train men made a show of resistance, but being unarmed they could effect nothing.

The spot selected for the bold deep was in a dense woods, two miles from any inhabitation. The train was stopped by a red lantern and obstructions on the track.

The train ran into Kansas City, gave the alarm, and Chief of Police Speers started out at once with 50 men on horseback. A special train with a posse under Marshal Murphy also went immediately to the scene of the robbery, and large bodies of men are being sent out from all points in every direction. The whole country is aroused, and intense excitement prevails.

The leader of the party answered the description of the leader of the party that robbed the Chicago & Rock Island train at Winston, July 17.

LATER PARTICULARS.

The following further particulars are received: The train was the west bound express, and had about 100 passengers on board, all of whom lost something, and many quite heavily.

Frank Lombard, news agent of the train, made the following statement: "I was sitting in the smoking car talking with Conductor Jack Hazelbakar; we were on the up grade, four miles from Independence; all of a sudden the train came to a stop. We heard loud voices and pistol shots and saw lanterns flashing. We knew train robbers were on us. Hazelbaker ran back into the train and warned the passengers; they were all looking out of windows, until the robbers ordered them to pull in their heads and keep quiet. The robbers had stopped the train by putting obstructions on the rails and signaling. I am sure there were a dozen of them, although some of the passengers place the number at 16. Every body was panic stricken and helpless. I ran out of the car and found men guarding the engineer and fireman. They were poorly masked, but all armed with Henry rifles. They were swearing loudly and shooting at random. Some of them passed into the mail car, but didn't touch anything.

"Express Messenger Fox in the mean time had barricaded the express car. They climbed upon the run around and began to shoot; they then broke into the car and knocked Fox down by a violent blow on the head. They robbed the safe of everything. I ran back into the smoking car and hid most of my money. The robbers came in and ordered me to lie down. I did so; they shoved a gun to my head and told me to fork over; I said my money was under the cushion; they told me to get it, and I got it in a hurry, you can bet. They then went back to the other cars and made a wholesale robbery of money, watches and jewelry. Some passengers secreted their money, but a great majority lost all. The ladies were compelled to sit down on the floor, and some had ear rings taken from their ears, and many lost all their jewelry. One man lost $450.

"In the meantime a freight train was coming up behind us, and Burton, the brakeman, ran down the cut, with a storm of bullets after him, stopped the train and probably saved many lives. After the cars were gone through the robbers jumped off and struck for the timber, where their horses were. The men in front helped the train men to roll off the obstruction, and then joined their companions. I should say we stood still half an hour."

Frank Burton, the brakeman said: 'I was standing on the front platform of the sleeper when the train stopped. I heard voices and oaths on the back platform. I said, 'We are going to be robbed.' Then one of the robbers cried out, 'We are coming in and going through you all.' I remembered that the freight train was just behind us, and I heard it coming up. I jumped off and ran with my lantern down the track. They commenced shooting at me; bullets whistled all around me and struck the rails and stones, they must have fired 25 shots. The engineer said, "For God's sake don't shoot the boy; he is saving the lives of these people." Then one of them threw up his arms and cried "Stop shooting!" I rolled into the cut and waved my lantern; the train was stopped only a car length off. When I came back the robbers said, "Have you lost anything?" I answered, 'Fifty cents." He gave me $1.50 for interest. Then I heard one of the robbers say to the engineer, "Chappy Foote, you're too good a man to keep up this business; here's two dollars to buy a drink in the morning, and drink it for Jesse James. I warn you you'll be killed if you don't leave this road. We are going to tear up and burst the Alton & Rock Island roads, for they've been offering rewards for us. We've no grudge against the Pullmans and will switch off their cars and burn all the rest. I am the man who killed Westlake at Winston; he was too smart and drew a revolver."

Burton did not believe it was Jesse James or any of his gang. They all acted green at the business, and he thought they were men living in the vicinity. They all seemed quite young, and made no attempt to disguise their voices. Passengers tell substantially the same story as the above.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 9.—Gov. Crittenden has issued a proclamation calling upon the people to rise en masse and exterminate the train robbers. He has gone to Kansas City to consult with the authorities of Jackson County regarding the apprehension of the robbers. Fully a thousand men are organized into posses from Kansas City, and from Jackson, Lafayette, Clay, Ray, Clinton, and Saline Counties, and are now in the field under command of Sheriffs and Marshals.

AMONG PASSENGERS ROBBED

are D. Lemstron, Milwaukee; M. Mead, Savannah, N. Y.; A. S. York, Council Bluffs; Mary E. Stafford, Humboldt, Neb.; Peter Berry, Iowa; Wm. Haynes, Gunnison, Col.; J. E. Long, St. Louis; L. A. Yerkes, Detroit; Julia and Fannie Smith, Indianapolis; Mrs. Fleet, Ohio; Mrs. Elington, Mrs. Holey, Davis; Mrs. Dunkin, Leroy, N. Y.; P. R. Peets, Holyoke; Thomas Shields, Chicago; J. H. Turbush, Chicago; Nathan Perry, John O'Brien and wife and daughter, Penyan, N. Y.; C. H. Brown, Jordon, N. Y.; A. H. Grimenwald, A. Wilks, John Deenhart, Col. Jas. Harris, Chicago; A. S. Davis, Albany, N. Y.; T. A. Smith, Chicago.

C. R. Camp, of the Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad, was accompanying a party of 35 land buyers from New York, who were going to Kansas to make purchases. Including Mr. Camp's loss, the robbers obtained from the party between $3 000 and $4,000.

THE ROBBERS CAUGHT.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 8.—The Republican's Independence, Mo., special says Creed Chapman and John Bunglar, two of last night's train robbers, were arrested near the scene of the robbery today by Sheriff Casen, of Saline County. A brother of Chapman gave them away, also several others, whose arrest will soon follow. Chapman and Bunglar were heavily armed with navy revolvers and rifles. They have been identified beyond a doubt. Both have weakened, and a confession is expected. They live within two miles of the place where the train was stopped, and there is no doubt the remainder of the gang, except the leader, who is believed to be Jesse James, live in the same neighborhood.

The entire County is aroused and under arms, and this and adjacent Counties is being scoured by posses under active, competent officers.

Sam Chapman, another of the gang, was brought in to night, and others are expected.

Gov. Crittenden telegraphed this morning to the Sheriffs of this and adjacent Counties, ordering them to organize forces at once and hunt the outlaws down at all hazards. This has been done and large numbers of well armed determined men are now in the field.

GEN. GRANT

Interviewed in Chicago—Thinks Arthur Should Act as President, and Pins His Faith to Conkling.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—Gen. Grant in an interview with an Inter-Ocean reporter to-day said that after attending the Soldiers' re-union at Bloomington, Ill., he would return East as fast as cars would carry him, starting Friday.

Gen. Grant being interrogated regarding the removal of Pres. Garfield said that he considered it absolutely necessary because the President desired it and because of the unhealthy character of Washington in the Fall. As to his recovery he had not so strong a hope as he would like to have, but if he recovered it would be because of this removal.

He had no doubt that a condition of affairs exists to day which requires the Vice President to act as President, but neither the Constitution nor the United States statutes provide how the disability shall be declared, and it would be wholly inappropriate for the Vice President unasked to make a move toward assuming the duties of the Presidential chair. If anything were done the physicians should certify to the Cabinet that they considered the President unable to perform the duties required of him. Then the Cabinet might consider this certificate and forward it to the Vice President requesting him to act as President during Mr. Garfield's disability. There is nothing legal about this, but Gen. Grant could see no other way he said for accomplishing the end. However there is no present necessity. The Government can get along well enough till Congress meets.

With regard to New York politics he said that the matter didn't trouble him very much just now. The campaign could not be successfully conducted without the aid of Mr. Conkling.

Speaks to the Veterans of Illinois.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Sept. 8.—At the soldiers' reunion to day, Gen. Grant, being introduced by Mr. Meldron, spoke as follows, after having been cheered:

"VETERANS: If we were within the walls of an ordinary hall, I would take pleasure in telling you how glad I am to meet my comrades in the late war, but it is impossible for me to make this vast audience out of doors hear the sound of my voice. I wish simply to say to the veterans that it affords me great pleasure to meet and greet the veterans of the late conflict. I hope these annual meetings will continue to take place. I see no indications of animosity at these meetings towards those who fought on the other side. We would rather invite them to join with us in honoring the flag of our common country. It can be said of the veteran that he would not ask anything of his Government that he would deny to any citizen, except his pension, and he expects that to be given to Union soldiers only. I thank you for this ovation, and would be glad to say more to you if I could make you hear."

The General was again loudly cheered as he retired to his seat.

KANSAS PROHIBITION.

Mass Meeting to Raise Funds to Enforce the Law.

TOPEKA, Sept. 6.—A large mass meeting of the friends of the prohibitory liquor law was held at the Congregational Church last night, at which addresses were made by Gov. St. John and others, urging the Temperance people to stand firm an insist on the enforcement of the law in every locality. The Governor said that he would be one of 50 citizens of Topeka to subscribe $100 each to a fund to secure such enforcement, to engage able prosecutions and generally aid the cause of Prohibition. One thousand dollars was immediately subscribed, and a committee appointed to increase the amount to $5,000. The County Attorney announced that hereafter all cases for violation of the law would be brought in the District Court to avoid the delays and uncertainties of Jury trials in the Justices' Courts. Several cases are now pending in the District Court on appeals and new informations are to be speedily had.

FIGHTING FIRE.

The Citizens of Jefferson Turn Out En Masse to Stay the Devouring Element.

JEFFERSON, Sept. 7.—Sparks from a passing train ignited the grass about 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon at a point less than three-fourths of a mile north east of the Court House. A westerly wind soon fanned the flames to huge proportions. An alarm was sounded and soon all the able-bodied citizens were in attendance. Owing to the scarcity of water but little was accomplished to stay the progress of the flames. At 5 o'clock the fire had burned over a space of one-fourth of a mile wide, and nearly one mile in length east and west. The houses, barns and buildings of Alex Bell and Michael Spew are directly on the line of fire, and it will require the utmost effort to save them. Ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, editors, and everybody to the number of several hundred are fighting the onward march of the destroying element, but with small show of success at this time.

The Bloomington Reunion.

BLOOMINGTON, September 7.—A hearty reception was accorded Gen. Grant by the assembled veterans this afternoon, and he was driven direct to the residence of Hon. Lawrence Weldon, whose guest he is. The troops were drawn up on the streets adjoining the depot. This was the first display on the streets, and the first time citizens realized the magnitude of the militia of the State and the proficiency to which they have attained. The display was splendid. It was led by the Bain Zouaves, of St. Louis. Several veteran organizations were in line, and seemed to drop back readily into the old swinging gait of the army march and to vividly recall the scenes of the rebellion.

Walked Into a Beer Vat.

DUBUQUE, Ia., Sept 6.—M. Tschger, the well-known brewer of this city, was badly scalded by stepping into a vat of boiling water in his brewery. Fortunately the water was shallow, and only came to his knees, otherwise instant death would have ensued. From his knees down the flesh and skin came off in chuncks. The doctors are hopeful they can prevent amputation.

Mr. Tilden Looming.

New York Herald.

The long eclipsed visage of Mr. Samuel J. Tilden becomes more and more visible to the eyes of the Democratic politicians of the State. Some of them wear the expression of men who have seen a ghost, but others assure their neighbors that the old gentleman is undoubtedly alive.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg.

Touching Tribute to Garfield—His Administration Indorsed.

The Republicans Make a Clean Sweep in San Francisco.

PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 9.—Gen. Harry White was chosen President, and after a short address recess was taken.

Upon reassembling the following resolutions were reported by the Committee and adopted:

Resolved, That the Republican party of Pennsylvania is in most hearty accord with the administration of Pres. Garfield, and while uniting in the prayers of all good people for his speedy recovery, pledges continued fealty and a most active support in a prompt and courageous correction of all Government abuses. As Republicans, we are in favor of any proper and well considered reform, either in the Government of the Nation, State, Municipality or County, and we court suggestion to any or all these ends, and only ask that in their advocacy well-established safeguards shall not be hastily supplemented by experiments. The administration of Pres. Garfield has set the right example on this direction, and while firmly adhering to the principles and better practices of the great party which called it into existence, it yet insists upon faithfulness and honesty in every branch of the public service. The bullet of the assassin should not interrupt this work. It should be pursued while its author lives, and beyond his life, if through increasing misfortune it should be taken away.

Resolved, That to Pres. James A. Garfield—this tender and loving; this struggling and suffering; this pure and brave man, now become beloved of this people and admired of all people—we tender for ourselves and our constituents assurances of deep and heartfelt sympathy; and keenly appreciating the value of such a life to his country, we express the prayerful hope he may soon be restored to the discharge of the important duties for which he is remarkably qualified, and from which by a peculiarly infamous crime and undeserved assault for the conscientious exercise of the proper executive power, he has been temporarily withdrawn.

Resolved, That in any revision of our tariff legislation which may be made, care should be taken to discriminate between our industries and thereby promote the causes which are rapidly making America a controlling power in finances as it already is an established leader in political thought.

A resolution was adopted endorsing the administration of Gov. Hoyt.

The following candidates were then placed in nomination for the office of State Treasurer: Gen. S. M. Bailey, of Fayette County, and W. T. Davies, of Bradford.

The first ballot resulted: Bailey, 157; Davies, 84. The nomination of Bailey was declared unanimous, and the convention adjourned *sine die*.

REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 9.—The count of the City election is not complete. It is certain, however, that the Republicans have made nearly a clean sweep. The Republican Mayor, Auditor and Sheriff will have in the neighborhood of 3 000 majority.

Later returns show that the Democrats have elected the Surveyor and two Supervisors. With these exceptions, the Republicans make a clean sweep.

REED RETIRES.

BATH, Me., Sept. 9.—Franklin Reed, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second District, has withdrawn.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

The Settlers of Arizona Arming for the Conflict.

There Can be No Peace Until the Apaches Are Exterminated.

PHOENIX, Ar., Sept 7.—There is much excitement here and at Globe. Two men killed, one wounded by Apaches near Reno. Settlers gathered at Green Valley, Reno, Wildey and McDowell. Military organizing everywhere, and the militia calling for arms.

Acting Governor telegraphed the Secretary of War for arms and ammunition at once. The civil and military authorities are in the fullest accord.

The chiefs of the Pimo and Maricops tribes, near Phœnix, offer to provision themselves and lead their bucks against the Apaches. They have always been friendly to the whites, and hated the Apaches.

The military are moving everywhere. Great meeting here to-night to organize the militia. One company of cavalry hurrying to Globe. Courier from McDowell reports all quiet at Apache and Thomas. Indians probably scattering in small bands. Settlers can't wait for authority; they will kill them on sight.

LAND OF THE APACHES.

An Area of 3,600 Square Miles—Mountain Trout, Elk, Deer, Bear and Turkey.

TUCSON, Sept. 8.—The White Mountains extend across the northwest corner of the San Carlos Indian reservation; to the east are the Sierra de la Petahaqua Mountains, and on the south are the Gila Mountains. The territory herein embraced contains an area of about 3,600 square miles, and is watered by the White Mountain River, which enters the reservation on the east and takes a nearly western course, extending through the entire reservation. Innumerable mountain streams enter into the White Mountain River, rendering that region the best watered in Arizona, affording splendid pasturage and abounding with elk, deer, bear and turkey. The streams are full of mountain trout. During the past two years the Indians have herded a large portion of the beef on foot which they did not use on the range, and now have many thousands of the finest beef cattle. They also have numerous bands of choice ponies and stock cattle all in excellent condition. The large surplus of flour and beans, saved from the Government rations issued, will afford them a large supply for carrying on a vigorous campaign for several months. They have always been securing arms of the best and most improved pattern, and have never let an opportunity pass to buy ammunition whenever they could. When closely pressed, they will doubtless retreat to the east part of the reservation, where the country is cut up with deep gorges and canons. By taking a position on a high plateau one may cast his eye over a country looking comparatively level, but let him advance a short distance in any direction and he will come to an impassable canons, hundreds of feet deep. Those not thoroughly acquainted with the passes and routes may wander for days through this region without being able to advance in the direction desired or find his way out except by taking the back track.

How Over a Dead Man's Property.

CANTON, O., Sept. 6.—A big family row occurred at the home of Rudolph Prysi, on Charry street, to-night. For some time past Prysi and his wife have lived separately, and recently Mrs. Prysi applied for a divorce. In her absence Mr. Prysi employed a housekeeper, and this evening, Prysi, who has been ailing considerably, died. He was quite wealthy, and his wife came to take charge of his effects. The housekeeper did not want to admit Mrs. Prysi, and a big quarrel was the result. Information was sent to police quarters and two officers were detailed late to-night to guard the house.

SUGGESTIONS IN TIME.

What a Woman of Prominence in the Medical World Has to Say About Her Sex.

Synopsis of a Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Doctor Kenton, Before the Woman's Society of New England.

Home Journal, New York.

In all ages of the world, poets, scientists, and men of prominence have looked with enthusiasm often akin to reverence upon women; but it is only within the last few years that she began to assume her right place, not only in society, but with the world in general. Why so desirable an end should have been so long delayed it is difficult to understand; but that it has at last come is certainly cause for gratitude. In her social sphere, in her mental development and especially in her physical improvement, woman has shown wonderful advancement and such as astonishes the world.

They who have made a careful investigation tell us that heathen women are much more able to endure pain than are the women of civilization; but civilized women would resent the charge that they are weaker because they are civilized. A distinguished writer says: 'If the women of civilization are less able to endure the taxation of their physical resources than are heathen women, it is a mere accidental circumstance, and one within their control."

Let us consider for a moment the possibilities which present themselves to every woman. When the body is healthy, beauty is certain to appear, even in features and forms once plain; indeed

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Cholera has appeared at Aden, 80 out of 87 cases proving fatal.

Only 16 cadets passed at the recent West Point examination.

It is not true that the Baroness Burdett Coutts is about to visit America.

There was a refreshing rain at Cairo Saturday, the first since the 26 h of June.

The railway shops at Gibson, N. H., valued at $70,000, were swept away by fire.

Rowell, the pedestrian, declines to challenge Hart. He has already 11 challenges.

The French Minister of War has ordered another brigade of 4,000 men to Africa.

The Ohio River is now an inch lower than at any previous time when a record was made of its condition.

A two-cent daily is about to be founded in New York as the special advocate of the interests of workingmen.

Theodore Cook, of Cincinnati, is to be President of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, under the new arrangement.

Wallace Ross, the oarsman, says if Hanlan will accept the English cricketers offer to go to Australia he will go.

The New York Democratic State Committee have issued a call for the State Convention at Albany, October 11.

The amount of grain in store in Chicago is 11 349 152 bushels. At the same time last season it was 5,074,064 bushels.

John Kemmel, tavern keeper at Jamaica, Long Island, killed his wife, set fire to the hotel, and then hanged himself.

The assessed value of the real estate of the United States exempt from taxation in the District of Columbia is $89,416,-111.

A petroleum spring at Baker, Russia, has been burning for five days. Efforts are being made to distinguish it with steam.

Three hundred men employed by the Cleveland mine at Ishpeming, Mich., are on a strike, declining to work Saturday nights.

Slosson has arranged a billiard match with Vignaux for 10,000 francs, 3,000 points up, to take place in Paris in December.

The wife of Sen. Allison, of Iowa, attempted suicide by drowning at Silver Lake, N. Y. She is supposed to be partially insane.

The delinquent list of the California Mining Company occupies nine columns of the Virginia City Chronicle, and contains 40,000 names.

At Niobrara, Neb., William Selkirk was killed at a dance Saturday night, by John Schumaker, who shot him. Schumaker was arrested.

The death rate in New York last week showed a marked increase over the previous week, the total number of deaths being 764 against 679.

The Jews of New York propose to raise a fund of $50,000 for the relief of their Russian coreligionists, soon expected in this country.

Dr. Tanner says if he makes any further trial at fasting he expects to sustain himself on electricity, and thinks he can exist 80 days without food.

The hop crop of Eastern New York has been harvested, and the yield is but eight per cent. less than last year, while the quality is far superior.

Rev. Henry Cowles, D. D., a prominent Congregational preacher, formerly a professor at Oberlin College, died at Janesville, Wis., of paralysis.

Rev. George Palmer Williams, LL D., died of general debility, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, recently, after a connection of 40 years with the University.

The New York Manhattan Elevated Railroad Receiver reports the capital stock to be $13,000,000, all of which was paid for leases and nothing for stock.

Gov. St. John, of Kansas, was elected President of the National Temperance Union for the ensuing year. Ex-Pres. Hayes is the Vice President for Ohio.

Cleveland has already raised about $25,000 for the Michigan sufferers. J. L. Woods forwarded $1,000 and G. W. Peck $500, before any public action was taken.

Some Germans and Englishmen have started a scheme to obtain from the Porte a land grant in Syria as a home for the persecuted Jews. The Sultan favors it.

At Sparta, Tenn., T. J. R. Swafford shot and killed his father in law, James Scott, and Eli Paul, and wounded one of Paul's sons. Scott was attempting to prevent a fight between Swafford and Paul, and was shot accidentally.

A San Diego dispatch says the schooner "Maggie Robinson" was seized last night at Ensenada, Lower California, by Mexican authorities, upon the allegation, which is denied by her Captain, that she had contraband goods on board.

Sefton, the actor is dead. While sparring at Lexington, Ky., last week he was ruptured, but no evil results were felt until Friday, when he was taken sick and died Saturday. His wife died several years ago, and he was the last of the family.

Nineteen persons were killed and 25 injured by a railroad accident in France Sunday, caused by the failure of the flagman to close a switch. Some of the unfortunate victims were so horribly mutilated that identification is impossible.

By the aid of 16 companies of troops, placed by General McKenzie near the cantonment, and the personal influence of the widow of Ouray, the Ute tribe, with its immense herds of stock, is now traveling quietly toward the new reservation in Utah.

In New York, at a wake, Owen McFarland remarked that he was sorry he belonged to the Irish race. This angered a man named Quinn, who struck McFarland in the face, felling him to the floor. He was lifted into a chair, but died within an hour.

The Comstock (Nev.) monthly payrolls are reported as follows: Consolidated Virginia, California and C. & C. shaft, $20,434 75; Union shaft, $20,-165 50; Ophir & Mexican, $11,990 50; Union Consolidated, $6,304; Sierra Nevada, $15,816 25; Lower Comstock, $1,842.

On the 15th of November, 1870, John Keenan killed Peter Hensley, with very little provocation. He has been on trial in the criminal court of Chicago for a week, and yesterday, after an hour's deliberation, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, fixing the penalty of death by hanging.

It is reported that Dr. Kleinsmith, the naturalist, Mr. Littleton, and two of Dr. Kleinsmith's assistants have been murdered by the natives near Nournea, New Caledonia. The murders were without provocation. The crews of two British sloops pursued the murderers, killing three of them. The fourth, supposed to be the ringleader, escaped.

Three brothers named Berreyessa took in ore week from a recent purchase in Siraica, New Mexico, $30,000 worth of silver. This vein was discovered by a vaquero who was riding over the mountains in search of stray cattle. His attention was attracted by a large boulder which appeared unusually rich in metal. Upon examination it proved to contain several thousand dollars' worth of silver. It was taken to the mint in Hermosillo and sold for upward of $3,000.

A sensation was created on the streets of Tiffin by the sudden loss of reason to a very popular young lady named Anna Miller. A faithless lover is said to be the cause, the swain being the Rev. Paul Berringer, of North Carolina. Her mania caused her to stand on the Courthouse corner with hands raised for nearly an hour, waiting to receive the spirit of her husband, as she said. She resisted all persuading, and had to be taken home by force.

United States four per cent. bonds are selling in England at 119¼.

It is said Brick Pomery has made $200,000 mining in Colorado.

Trickett and Courtney will probably rowa match race at Saratoga.

The loss to Anglaise County, O., farmers by the drouth will reach $250,000.

Scuykill County, Pa., contributes 11,-097 names to the one-cent Cook fund.

Ex-Commissioner of Pensions Bentley is engaged in practicing law in Denver, Col.

The joint discussions between Gubernatorial candidates in Virginia have been abandoned.

Sidney Lanier, the author of the National ode sung at the Centennial Exposition, is dead.

A London, Ont. dispatch says: Cattle are reported dying on all sides on account of the drouth.

An Australian has bought 230,000 acres of land in Mexico, which he will convert into a sheep ranche.

The price of quinine has declined from $3 to $2 an ounce in consequence of new discoveries in Columbia.

Gen. Grant is proud of the fact that three grandchildren have been added to his family within a month.

The alleged bribery cases of Sessions, Phelps and Barber have been postponed until the next term of Court.

The voting census of Tennessee, just taken, shows McNairy County excepted, that she has 347,041 voters.

There are 38 cases of typhoid fever at the Catholic Orphan Asylum in New York, caused by impure milk.

The sales of public lands this year will, it is thought, fully equal those of last year, which were unprecedented.

There is no more news from Capt. Howgate. If his friends know his whereabouts, they keep the secret well.

The revenue cutter Perry has been sent to Detroit to transport contributions to the sufferers by the late fires in Michigan.

San Francisco has already spent $3,-000,000 on its new City Hall, and it will take $2,000,000 more to complete it.

It is quite clear that in October the Treasury Department will have a surplus of $140,000,000 with which to purchase bonds.

At Blount Springs, Ala., has been discovered a wonderful cave, which, it is claimed, rivals the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

There is nothing new from Arizona Indian troubles. Col. Carr is keeping a close watch, and will probably strike the savages soon.

Mrs. A. J. Sutton, of Loveland, O., while suffering from malarial fever, jumped from the roof of her house, and was instantly killed.

Ex Sec. Stuart, of the Brooklyn Board of Education, under $10,000 bonds to answer for the alleged embezzlement of $107,000, is reported missing.

A conference called at Westminster by the National Land League, and intended as a demonstration in favor of fair trade principles, was very thinly attended.

Lieutenant Governor Tabor, of Colorado, proposes to give Denver a public library, with a building costing $200,000, and 100,000 volumes as a beginning.

French officers have arrived at Piedmont for the purchase of horses for the army. Several Italian papers urge the Government to prohibit their transportation.

Five murderers—Brown, Podgett, and McGowen, white, and Abel and Amos Manley, Creek Indians—were hanged at Fort Smith Friday. The execution was private, only 40 or 50 persons being admitted.

There is trouble in the Ohio Prohibition camp. The candidates on the State ticket have requested Ludlow, the head of the ticket, to withdraw, because there is so much being said about his cider mills.

There are but two inches of water in the Ohio River at Pittsburg, a condition never before known, and steamboats are entirely banished from 1,000 miles of river, when a few months ago they had abundance of water.

The Massachusetts Democratic State Convention is called for October 5, at Worcester. A committee was appointed to prepare and forward to Mrs. Garfield resolutions of sympathy with her wounded and suffering husband.

Reports of fires in the Pennsylvania oil regions caused a panic in the oil market at Bradford, Thursday, and over 2,000,000 barrels changed hands. Fortunes were made in a few hours, before the fire reports were contradicted.

Gen. Sherman has instructed Gen. Sheridan to the following effect: "If the Utes can be taken charge of by Crooke, then as many men should assist Wilcox in Arizona, from New Mexico, as possible, so as to make short work of the Apaches." George's band of White Mountain Indians, who have been at the sub agency on the Gila for years, are reported on the war path.

WASHINGTON.

MASON'S CASE.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—No official notice of Sergeant Mason's offense has yet reached the War Department. It is stated there Mason will be promptly surrendered if a demand is made for him by the civil authorities, and thus all complication will be avoided. If such demand is not made Mason will be tried by court martial. Army officers generally express a feeling of mortification at the attempt on Guiteau's life as reflecting on the discipline and good name of the service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Postmaster General James has devoted a great deal of his time since his acceptance of a Cabinet portfolio in considering the question of postal telegraphy. It is said to be his favorite scheme, and next in order to the abolition of the Star Route extravagances. Mr. James has perfected a plan of postal telegraphy which will be submitted to the next Congress, and Postoffice officials who are cognizant of his view on the subject, state that it is a practical and good one, and is likely to be regarded favorably by Congress. The Postmaster General has also decided to recommend a general extension of the free delivery service, particularly in Western Cities.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

The Postmaster General has been the first of the Cabinet officers for many years to take cognizance of the practice the male clerks have of grossly insulting ladies by summarily dismissing one of these offenders, who was prominently known as a gallant. This sort of thing has been going on unrestricted for years, and there are cases on record where even prominent officials have abused their trust in this particular.

THE LAW OF COLUMBIA.

The Star holds that the law of the District of Columbia is such that if the President should die at Elberon, or elsewhere, outside of the District, Guiteau could not be convicted of his murder. The Courts of the District would not have jurisdiction of the offense as homicide, but would be confined to the consideration of assault merely.

THE CHRISTIANCY CASE.

The hearing in the Christiancy divorce suit was resumed yesterday afternoon. Ex-Minister Christiancy was present for the first time; his wife was absent. Dr. Ralph Walsh, once her physician, was called for the purpose of proving acts of cruelty. The counsel for the ex Senator objected as the wife condoned the acts by living with her husband afterwards. The Chancery Court will be asked for a decision. In the meantime the examination is suspended.

Illicit Distillery in Indiana.

TERRE HAUTE, Sept. 12.—A moonshine distillery, consisting of two wash tubs and a still of 60 gallons capacity, has been found hidden in a ravine in the northern part of Parke County, by officers acting under instructions of Revenue Collector Minshall. The apparatus was of the most primitive pattern. The owners and operators have not yet been arrested. It is supposed to have been in operation for the past two months.

GROWING STRONGER,

And Allowed to Sit in His Easy Chair.

The Morning Bulletin Considered to be Very Satisfactory.

Dr. Boynton the Only One Who Seems to Fear a Relapse.

The Cabinet Scatter to Seek Recreation and Rest.

ELBERON, Sept. 13.—At the examination of the President at 8 A. M. to-day his temperature was 99 4; pulse, 100; respiration, 20. He passed a comfortable night, sleeping most of the time, and on the whole his condition this morning is encouraging and gives promise of a good day. PHYSICIANS.

HE SITS IN HIS EASY CHAIR.

At 11 A. M. the President sent for the surgeons, and Drs. Hamilton, Bliss and Boynton hurried over, creating some alarm by their rapid movements. The surgeons were in the cottage about 15 minutes. When they emerged, Dr. Hamilton said the President, being very desirous to be moved from his bed into the invalid chair, and feeling strong enough to stand the change, had sent for the doctors to have it made. They deemed it safe, and lifted him into the chair, where he now sits in a reclining position, enjoying the change very much.

The President was allowed to remain in his invalid chair 35 minutes, and was lifted back to his bed at 10:50 A. M. There was no ill effects from the change of position. The physicians say they will allow him to sit in the chair at least once a day so long as the present favorable conditions continues. The President feels convinced he is growing stronger, and is much gratified that the results justified the judgment of his ability to stand the change when he requested.

CONTIEUES TO IMPROVE.

1 P. M.—At the examination a few minutes ago the President's pulse was 100; temperature 98 8; respiration, 20. All admit that he is doing well.

DR. BLISS

still claims that the President is convalescent, and that there are no indications of blood poisoning. He holds that the lung complication is gradually passing away, and does not apprehend any further trouble from it. He says the existence of trouble in that organ has been known by the surgeons for several weeks past, and the crisis came Sunday, which day he virtually lost by not making any gain. Since then, however, he has improved.

M'VEAGH TO LOWELL.

10 P. M.—In the absence of Blaine, the attending physicians have requested me to inform you of the President's condition. He has, during the day, eaten sufficient food with relish, and has enjoyed at intervals refreshing sleep. His wound, and the incision made by the surgeons all look better. The parotid gland has ceased suppuration and may be considered substantially well. He has exhibited more than his usual cheerfulness of spirit. His temperature and respiration are normal, and his pulse less frequent and firmer than at the same hour last evening. Notwithstanding these favorable symptoms, the condition of the lower part of the right lung will continue to be the source of anxiety for some days to come.

THE CABINET.

The Cabinet early received assurance that there was no immediate danger and that the threatened relapse had apparently passed away, and, with the exception of Attorney General MacVeagh and Sec. Kirkwood, the former remaining here and the latter being in Washington, left at different hours for New York, where they go direct to the White Mountains for a few days' recreation

THE WOUND

Dr. Bliss was asked a number of questions about the ball, and he explained that there was some doubt in his mind up to this morning whether or not the track of the ball was thoroughly healed, notwithstanding the indications were it had. "This morning however," said the Doctor, "I became satisfied, upon inserting the new and much smaller cleaning catheter, that the ball had become thoroughly encysted, and that granulation had been the means of closing the wound of the ball within nine inches of the surface, the distance to which the catheter penetrated, without any extreme effort on my part."

"How much do you think has healed, then, Doctor?"

"About three and a half inches. The catheter came in contact with apparently solid substance when it had penetrated nine inches, and I became satisfied after investigation that it had healed solidly, and it was no artificial matter which was stopping the catheter."

The doctor then explained that he was still giving the patient milk punch every three or four hours, into which he put three tablespoonfulls of brandy. Quinine has also been administered through the rectum in decreased quantities.

DR. BOYNTON

adheres to the opinion that the lung complication is the result of blood poisoning. "Yet," he continued, "the President's vitality is sufficiently strong to overcome any serious results from it, providing no further complications of a similar character occur."

Dr. Hamilton arrived to-night, and Dr. Agnew will leave for Philadelphia in the morning.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

When Postmaster Gen. James entered the President's room he went to the bedside, took his hand, and said, "Good morning, Mr. President."

The President returned the salutation and asked James to be seated.

"Oh, no" said James. "I merely called to pay my respects and ascertain how you were getting along."

"But you must sit down," insisted the President.

James did so, and the following conversation ensued:

"How is the Postoffice Department getting on?"

James—"Splendidly. We have assumed the Civil Service basis since you have been sick. There have been no appointments or removals of any note."

The President smiled at this remark, and in enquired of the Postmaster General how the Star Route investigation was progressing.

The Postmaster General said: "Investigation is continuing satisfactorily. The Attorney General and myself are still engaged upon it, and we have matters in very good shape."

The President—"How much have you saved in your Department this year?"

James—"In round numbers about $1,-500,000."

The interview continued a few minutes longer, after which James bid the President good morning.

Shooting at Guiteau.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—Sergeant Mason, battery B, second artillery, when relieving guard at the jail here this afternoon, shot at Guiteau through the window of his cell, and come near killing him. The ball grazed his head, and was imbedded in the cell wall. Mason was promptly arrested, taked to the arsenal and incarcerated.

How a Suicide was Discovered.

DETROIT, Sept. 11.—About five weeks ago Thomas Greene, a Polander, living at Coldwater, this State, left home, saying he would destroy himself. Yesterday his body was found hanging, 30 feet high, to a large tree. The body was discovered by fragments dropped from the depredations of birds that had been eating it. Cause of the suicide, family difficulties. He leaves 10 children.

GEN. BURNSIDE.

His Sudden Death at Providence, R. I.

BOSTON, Sept. 13.—A report is just received here that Gen. Burnside died suddenly this morning, in Providence. No particulars.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 13.—Gen. A. E. Burnside died suddenly at 11 o'clock this morning. His residence is Bristol. He had been slightly unwell two or three days but was in the City last evening. The immediate cause of death was spasm of the heart. A telephone message from the General's house summoned Sen. Anthony and Dr. Miller, but before the telephone connection was broken the message came that the General was dead. Gov. Littlefield, Sen. Anthony, Representatives Chase and Aldrich, and other personal friends, immediately started for Bristol.

Gen Burnside was born at Liberty, Ind., May 28, 1824. He graduated at West Point in 1847, and was subsequently sent to New Mexico, where he commanded a squadron of cavalry and acted as Quartermaster in 1851 2. Having invented a breech loading rifle, he resigned his commission in 1853, and established a manufatory in Rhode Island. This proving unsuccessful, he became Treasurer of the Illinois Central Railroad. In 1861 he was appointed Colonel of the First Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, which marched to Washington four days after the issuing of the call by the President. He commanded a brigade at the battle of Bull Run, after which he was made Brigadeir General. His army career since is well known to the public. In 1866 he was elected Governor of Rhode Island, and re-elected in the two following years. He visited Europe in 1870, and ineffectually endeavored to mediate between Germany and France. He was re elected to the Senate for the term commencing March 4, 1881.

ARKANSAS SWAMPS.

Sad Fate of an Ohio Family who Settled in Arkansas.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13.—Two little children—Cæsar and Octavia Burke, aged respectively 10 and five years—passed through this City alone yesterday evening on their way to Greenfield, O., in search of an aunt, the only relative they have in the world. The history of the little ones is most pitiable. In April last James Burke and his family, consisting of himself and four children, emigrated from Greenfield to Arkansas, where the father bought a farm in the deadly swamps. Before long Mr. Burke was striken with the fatal "break-bone fever" and soon died. In a few weeks two of the boys, Arthur and Perry, perished from the terrible scourge of Southern climes. In June Mrs. Burke became a victim and the two children, Cæsar and Octavia, were left alone in the world without friends or relatives. The kind-hearted neighbors of the Burkes took an interest in the orphans, and they were sent to Memphis to the hospital there. Both were broken down in health, and mere skeletons. A few more weeks in Arkansas would have ended their lives. A telegram was sent to the aunt of the children, and she replied with an order to send them to her. On the train yesterday Cæsar and Octavia excited much compassion, and the passengers did everything possible to make their ride pleasant. A more heart-rending case of sickness and distress than this would be difficult to find.

AID FOR MICHIGAN.

Action Taken in Various Cities.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 12.—A citizens' meeting, presided over by Mayor Peters, was held to-night and Committees appointed to solicit and forward contributions of money, food and clothing to the Michigan sufferers.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 12.—A meeting of citizens was held this afternoon at the Cotton Exchange for the relief of Michigan sufferers. Committees were appointed to canvass the City and report at an adjourned meeting Wednesday next.

ERIE, Sept. 13.—The Committee appointed last week to solicit subscriptions for Michigan sufferers is actively at work.

STAMFORD, Conn., Sept. 13.—An immense union prayer meeting was held at the Baptist church this forenoon, in accordance with the recommendation of the Governor. A large collection was taken for the benefit of the Michigan sufferers.

THE BIG BALLOON.

A Bad Start, Which, It Is Hoped, Will Have a Good Ending.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 12.—Prof. King's balloon, "Great Northwest," after inflating with hydrogen all day, rose sluggishly at 5:30. There was no wind, and it was apparently overweighed with five journalists and two signal service men—seven persons in all—and 500 pounds baggage. After being in the air in full sight for half an hour it slowly settled between the bluffs near Fort Snelling.

LATER—After nearly landing in tree tops, a liberal quantity of ballast was thrown off, and it rose again and slowly sailed off to the south. This is the direction King wished to go, though the light wind makes his progress slow.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 13—11 o'clock—The balloon has just been heard from. It is anchored in the woods four miles from St. Paul, waiting for a wind. The aeronaut and journalists are domiciled at the house of a farmer near by. The gas is escaping from the balloon, and the prospect of a long voyage is dubious.

THE MAIN QUESTION.

"Have You Heard From Maine?"

LEWISTON, ME., Sept. 12.—In the special election to day for Representative to Congress, to fill vacancy caused by the resignation of Sen Frye, Ex-Gov. Dingley (Republican) was elected. The towns heard from give Dingley 7,760; Gilbert (Greenback) 3,073; Eustis (Prohibition), 90; scattering, 36; Republican majority, 4,541.

The same towns gave Davis (Republican) for Governor, last year, 1 637 majority. The towns to hear from gave Plaisted (opposition), 160 majority last year. His County (Androscoggin) gives Dingley over 2,000 majority, against 276 Republican majority last year.

The Democratic candidate was withdrawn last week, the Democratic Committee advising Democrats to vote for the Greenback candidate. Many Democrats consequently refused to go to the polls, and others voted for Dingley.

Crops in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, Sept. 12.—So far crop reports from 60 out of the 95 Counties in the State have been received at the Bureau of Agriculture for the month of August. The drouth has been bad enough, but not so severe as has been anticipated. The reports show that nearly every County has suffered more or less, and in many of them the continued dry weather has proven to be very disastrous, but the general average will be half a crop of cotton, corn, tobacco, peas, sorghum, sweet and Irish potatoes and apples, while the peach and grape crops will be unusually large, except in portions of Middle Tennessee.

Fate of a Heroic Mail Carrier.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—A letter was received at the Postoffice Department today from the Postoffice at Harlets Mich., Sept. 7, saying: "Mr. Ira Humphrey, mail carrier on route No. 24 813 from Marletis to Argyle, perished in the fire between Elmert and Argyle on Monday, the 5th inst. When surrounded by fire he cut his horse loose from the buggy, helped an old man on to it, who was a passenger with him, and told him to flee for his life." Mr. Humphrey was true to his trust. When found the charred remains of his mail bag was found by his side. His remains were brought here to-night. Yours truly, JOHN MCGILL, P. M."

Married in Style.

ERIE, Sept. 10.—Miss Annie Scott, daughter of William M. Scott, was married to Charles Hamot Strong Delmoico, of New York, the caterer. The wedding presents are valued at nearly $350,000.

MASON'S SHOT.

The Reason He Assigns for Shooting at the Assassin Guiteau.

His Mind Supposed to be Affected from the Effects of Medicine.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—One of the military guard on duty at the jail attempted to-night to assassinate Guiteau. The occurrence as yet has become known to but few outside of the prison authorities and the guards, and consequently has aroused no excitement. The facts, as near as can be ascertained, seem to be that the would-be avenger of Pres. Garfield, at the time he tried to become Guiteau's executioner, was laboring under a form of insanity induced either by sickness or too much whisky. He is a Sergeant in one of the companies doing guard duty at the jail, and, according to his own statement, has been brooding over the fact of his having to guard an assassin, until to-night it entered his head to take the law into his own hands. How the attempt was made and how it resulted, is told by Capt. John McGilvray, the officer in charge of the guard, in the following statement made to the Enquirer correspondent this evening:

"I arrived at the Jail with my command about half past six o'clock. My men were transported from the Arsenal in wagons, Lieut. Richmond, Sergt. Mason, Private Corden and myself being in the leading wagon. As we halted in front of the Jail, I dismounted from the wagon and passed rapidly to the rear of it to get a few articles that I had brought up for use during the night. As I turned away from the wagon with my basket in my hand I was somewhat startled by the report of a rifle. As I had not yet relieved Maj. Graves, whose sentinels were still around the jail buildings, I at first thought the shot had been fired by one of his men. As I stepped forward I saw a man standing just in front of the window that looks up to the window of Guiteau's cell, holding his piece pointed, evidently having just fired. Still under the impression that it was one of Major Graves' guards, I walked rapidly forward, and as I approached him I was amazed to see that it was Sergeant Mason, of my company, my First Sergeant. He was very much excited and said: "I fired the shot Captain, and I intended to kill the scoundrel. I did not enlist to guard an assassin." I put Mason under arrest, took his arms from him and placed a sentinel over him. When the guard was relieved I placed Mason in Major Graves' hands and requested him to take him back to the arsenal and turn him over to the commanding officer, with a report of the occurrence. Upon examination I found that the shot had gone through the window opposite Guiteau's cell and into the cell window. As Guiteau was leaning in the window watching the arrival of the relief guard, the ball could not have missed him more than three or four inches at the farthest. It struck the south wall of the cell four inches from the floor, and then glanced off, striking the east wall at nearly the same distance up, when it fell to the floor. The window of Guiteau's cell would hardly be visible to any one unacquainted with the plan of the building, but Sergeant Mason had been on duty at the Jail before and knew the exact position of these windows.

"Was there any thing to indicate that Serg't Mason was under the influence of liquor?" queried your correspondent, when the Captain had made this statement.

"No," was the reply. "He was not a drinking man. He has been 19 years in the service, has an enviable record as a good soldier, and his character is first rate."

"To what do you ascribe, then, this sudden desire on his part to shoot Guiteau?"

"Well, he was sick for some days past with the chills, and took a large quantity of strong medicine. My opinion is that this has affected his mind."

In conclusion, Capt. McGilvray said that there had been no additional precautions taken in the strengthening the guard, as he has a sufficient force to fully take care of any demonstration that may be made.

From another source it was learned that the first notice of the shot was the cries of Guiteau, and when the news of the shot got inside a rush was made for the cell door of the assassin. At first it was supposed that Guiteau had been struck, as he was crouched down in one corner of the cell uttering loud prayers for protection, and literally writhing about the floor in an agony of fear. After it was definitely ascertained that he was not wounded an effort was made to calm the wretch, but it was fruitless. He refused to stand erect or even to lie on his cot, and remained huddled up in the corner the furthest removed from the range of the window.

It will be remembered that all along Guiteau has manifested great uneasiness in regard to the position of his cell window, and has repeatedly begged that something be done to protect him from shots from the outside, claiming that it would be a very easy matter for any one to shoot him when he appeared at the window. The result proves how well founded were his fears. The shot of Serg't Mason would doubtless have proved fatal but for the fact that to reach the window of Guiteau's cell he was obliged to aim so that his shot passed through the outer window, the sashes of which were closed on account of the weather, and the surface of the glass was covered with moisture of the rain. It was intimated to night that such steps would be at once taken as would preclude any further attempts from this direction upon the assassin's life.

There was a decided disinclination at the jail to-night to discuss the matter, but at a late hour enough was learned to establish the fact that Guiteau was still in an excited state, and that fears were entertained that unless something could be done to allay his fears the probabilities were that his reason would give way.

LABOR TROUBLES

In New Orleans—Police and Military Under Arms.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 11.—This morning several thousand persons assembled on Levee street, between Gainn and Erate streets, at the house where the remains of James Hawkins, the laborer killed yesterday, were exposed. Different colored organizations were present, with bands of music, and delegations from several organizations were present and marched to the cemetery.

It is expected the troubles will culminate in a great row, and the police have been ordered to assemble to-morrow in the vicinity of the cotton presses. The military guard the armories to-night, and it is said troops are under orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice.

An Improbable Story.

SEDALIA, Mo., Sept. 12.—A report is received here that two heavily armed and masked men entered the little Town of Bates City, on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, about seven miles east of Blue Cut, the scene of the late train robbery, and drawing pistols began firing and an indiscriminate pillage of the place. The people offered no resistance, and the robbers seem to have taken what they wanted. The amount of booty obtained is not stated, and the report is indefinite anyhow.

A Child with Rare Presence of Mind.

FINDLAY, Sept. 11.—A little son, 19 months old, of Webb C. Shuler, living two miles north of Town, fell into a well 27 feet deep, containing 10 feet of water. When the little fellow rose to the surface he caught hold of a scantling which extended across the well just above the water, and held on until a ladder was lowered and a man went down and rescued him. The child received no injury except a few slight scratches.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, Sept. 14 1881.

The money market in New York during the past week was fairly easy at about 4½ per cent or call loans. Prime mercantile paper 5@6 per cent. Government bonds were steady but firm. Railroad bonds dull, but exhibited a fair amount of strength. State securities dull. Stocks, generally speaking, were not dealt in to an unusual extent, but there were a few movements of a startling kind that caused strength to the whole list. The close "corner" in Hannibal & St. Joe common stock was a complete surprise, as it caught the oldest dealers in the Board, and was sent up from 95 until to-day it is worth 260, and the end does not appear to have been reached. The heaviest losers are Jay Gould, Russell Sage, and Hopkins, of the Wabash Road. A Washington politician was caught to the amount of $30,000. There was a sharp twist in two or three other stocks. Ohio & Mississippi advanced 20 per cent., Denver & Rio Grande 6½, St. Paul 5 and Michigan Central 4 per cent.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 4 @6 per cent. Prime mercantile paper at 5@6 per cent. Bar silver, 112¼. Exchange steady; $4 80¾ for long and $4 84 for sight. Govern ment Bonds quiet and unchanged. State Bonds dull. Railroad Bonds inactive. Stocks—After 11 o'clock the market was slightly irregular, but soon became strong again and toward noon advanced sharply. Oregon Navigation rose 6 per cent.; Louisville & Nashville, 2; Wabash, preferred, 2; Ohio & Mississippi, 3¼; St. Paul & Omaha preferred, 1¼; and the rest of the list ¼ to 1 per cent. Some shares reacted a fraction at midday.

Government bonds—U. S., 6's extended, 101¼; U. S. 5's extended, 101¼; 4½'s coupons, 113; 4's, coupons, 116¾; Pacific 6s of 95, 130.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thr	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	68¼	69	68	....	68	68½
New Tennessee's	68¼	71¾	68	....	68½	68
Old Virginia's	35	37	35	....	35	35
Va. con. 3's, pf'd	91	15¾	15	....	15	15¾
Missouri 6's	110	113	109	....	110	110
Louisiana 7½'s	66½	66¼	66	....	67	63

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat.
U. S. 6's extend.	101¼	101¼	101¾	....	101¼	101¼
U.S. 5's, extend	101½	101½	101	....	101¾	101½
U. S. 4½'s, coup	113	113	113	....	113	113
U. S. 4's, coup..	116¼	116½	116½	....	116¼	116½
Sterling, sight...	484	484	485	....	484	484
Sterling, 60 days	480¼	480¼	480	....	480	484
Pacific 6's of '95	130	130	130	....	130	130

The following is the bank statement for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$ 3,115,900
Specie, increase	2,257,900
Legal tenders, decrease	541,500
Deposits, decrease	1,099,000
Circulation, increase	99,000

The United States Treasurer now holds United States bonds to secure bank circulation, $564,737,000. United States bonds deposited during the week, $2,187,100. United States bonds withdrawn during the week, $1,735,100 National bank circulation outstanding: Currency notes, $357,639,589; gold notes, $1,087,675. Bonds held to secure public deposits, $15,540,-540.

Imports of specie, as reported by the Assay Office for week ending Sept 10th: Arrived foreign coin bars, $4,802,700. Total from Aug. 13, 1881, foreign coin and bars, $9,277,000; to Sept. 10, 1880, $15,468,900; to Sept. 10, 1879, $15,905 0 0; Payments this week in coin, $4,187,106. Total payments from Aug. 13, in coin and bars, $6,-290,166.

DRY GOODS.

Notwithstanding the fact that the past week was an intensely hot one, the general trade in dry goods was large, both commission and jobbing houses having done a satisfactory business. The trade was fully up to that for the corresponding week last year, with a strong upward tone characterizing the market. Retail buyers purchased liberally. It was thought that in sections where the crops turned out badly there would be less call for goods, but such has not been the case. There is as brisk a demand from the short-crop districts as elsewhere, and payments are prompt. Cotton goods of favorite makes, as well as Fall weight woolens of desirable production, are sold up on orders to the extent of the season's production. One of the most notable features of the week at Eastern points of production was the formal opening of samples of a number of makes of Spring woolens. The designs and coloring of the same are exceedingly choice. The local trade has been, all things considered, quite brisk, and the prospects are very favorable to a large Fall business.

WOOL.

The Wool Circular of Hardin, Martin & Co., Boston, says of the wool market: The past has been an active week in the wool market. The transactions in this market since the 1st of January have shown a falling off compared with the large business of 1880, but we have been gradually gaining for some months past, and now this year's business again comes to the front with an increase of sales over last year of 3,216,000 lbs. Notwithstanding the large business there has been very little excitement, and little or no speculation. Manufacturers are evidently in want of wool and have purchased freely. This shows good judgment on their part, because they had a large and splendid assortment to select from, and prices were low, lower than they are likely to be for some months to come, and lower than the wool can be placed here from any point. The London sales are still progressing at firm prices, and in interior markets very full prices are asked for the stocks on hand. In fact, in Wisconsin Ohio and Pennsylvania most of the wool is held at prices that make current rates here quite low—say from 39@40c in Michigan and Wisconsin and 40c and upwards in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania X, XX and XXX, 40@45c; Michigan X, 39@41c; Wisconsin X, 38½@40c; Ohio medium and No. 1, 46@48½; combing and delaine, 44@48c; Territory, 17@ 32½c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 19@32½c; California spring, 23@38c; California all, 15@24c; super and X pulled, 33@38½; combed, 38½@40c; acdia, 20@65c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In Boston, duplicate orders for boots and shoes come in fairly well, but they are generally of small proportions, and the Fall trade gives evidence of drawing to a close. Manufacturers are behind with their orders, and jobbers are urgent in their inquiries to have their goods forwarded. It is thought that the orders for Fall goods will not be as large from several Western States on account of the severe drouth. However, the trade has thus far been satisfactory. In New York the market is in all respects unchanged as compared with last week. In Philadelphia, beyond a steady call for all descriptions of boots and shoes, nothing of special interest is reported.

LUMBER.

The lumber yards generally present a busy scene. Toledo dealers have as much trade as they can conveniently attend to. Prices have undergone no change since the recent revision of the price list.

NOTES

Large and good crops are reported in Maritobs.

The apple crop in New York State this year will be unusually small.

The butter crop of 1880 is estimated at 1,000,000,000 pounds, and cheese at 300,000,000 pounds.

Oats in North Carolina are reported as winter killed and summer scorched, and almost a total failure.

The butter, cheese, egg and mill business of this country is estimated to be worth about $40,000,000 a year.

The number of pigs in Great Britain this year is reported at 2,018,031, against 2,000,812 last year.

Dr. Quinn, one of California's millionaires, keeps 20 ships busy transporting his wheat to England. He owns 55,000 acres of rich grain land, 45,000 of which were in wheat this season. One continuous furrow is 17 miles in length.

Last year the capital invested in the state trade in the United States was $10,000,000, and the produce was 600,000 squares, Pennsylvania alone producing 320,000. The largest quarry contains 60 acres, and employs 200 men. It was opened in 1865, and in 1880 turned out 40,000 squares. The most durable slates are from Pennsylvania and Maine, and are dark blue and blue black. Green, red, purple and variegated do not keep color well, and red kinds are the most expensive.

The officials at Washington report that 5,538,920 acres of coal lands are owned by the United States in the Western Territories. About 50 per cent. is located in Utah and 20 per cent. in Colorado. These lands can be secured under the pre-emption laws at a rate of $20 per acre,